



ATTACK

NO.32

00770

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JAN

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29P**

CHARLTON



OUR FIGHTING FORCES IN ACTION

ATTACK

**"A
DEAD
HERO"**

**LOOK...!
THE MAJOR
HAS GONE
BESERK!**

**HE ACTS LIKE HE'S
BULLET-PROOF!**

00770



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FORCED LANDING

THIS IS ONE OF THE COUNTLESS UNCHARTED ISLANDS IN THE CENTRAL PACIFIC IN JULY, 1944. FIGHTING IS GOING ON IN THE MARIANAS, SAIPAN, GUAM, TINIAN BUT OUR FORCES HAVEN'T REACHED THIS FAR YET! I'M FLYING THE B-24 BOMBER... WE HAD REPORTS OF A JAP SUBMARINE BEACHED SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE. WE DIDN'T FIND IT... BUT THREE JAP ZEROS FOUND US! WE GOT TWO OF THEM... BUT THEY DAMAGED US BEFORE THEY WENT DOWN... AND THE THIRD IS EMPTYING HIS GUNS INTO US RIGHT NOW! I'M GOING IN, WHEELS DOWN... HOPING WE CAN FIX THE OIL LINE IN THE NUMBER TWO ENGINE AND GET THE OLD LADY AIRBORNE AGAIN!

LOOKS LIKE HARD-PACKED SAND, BOSS. WE MIGHT WALK AWAY FROM THIS LANDING... IF WE'RE LUCKY!

WE GOT THE ZERO, SKIPPER.

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WHEN THE WHEELS HIT, IT FEELS LIKE THEY'RE IN WET CEMENT!
THE TAIL SKIDS AROUND, I STRAIGHTEN IT OUT, AND WE PRAY!

I'M GLAD HE DIDN'T
ORDER US TO USE THE
PARACHUTES! WONDER
HOW COME?

THAT ZERO WOULD'VE TURNED US INTO
SUKIYAKI IF HE GOT A SHOT AT US!
THIS WAY WE KEEP OUR FEET DRY!

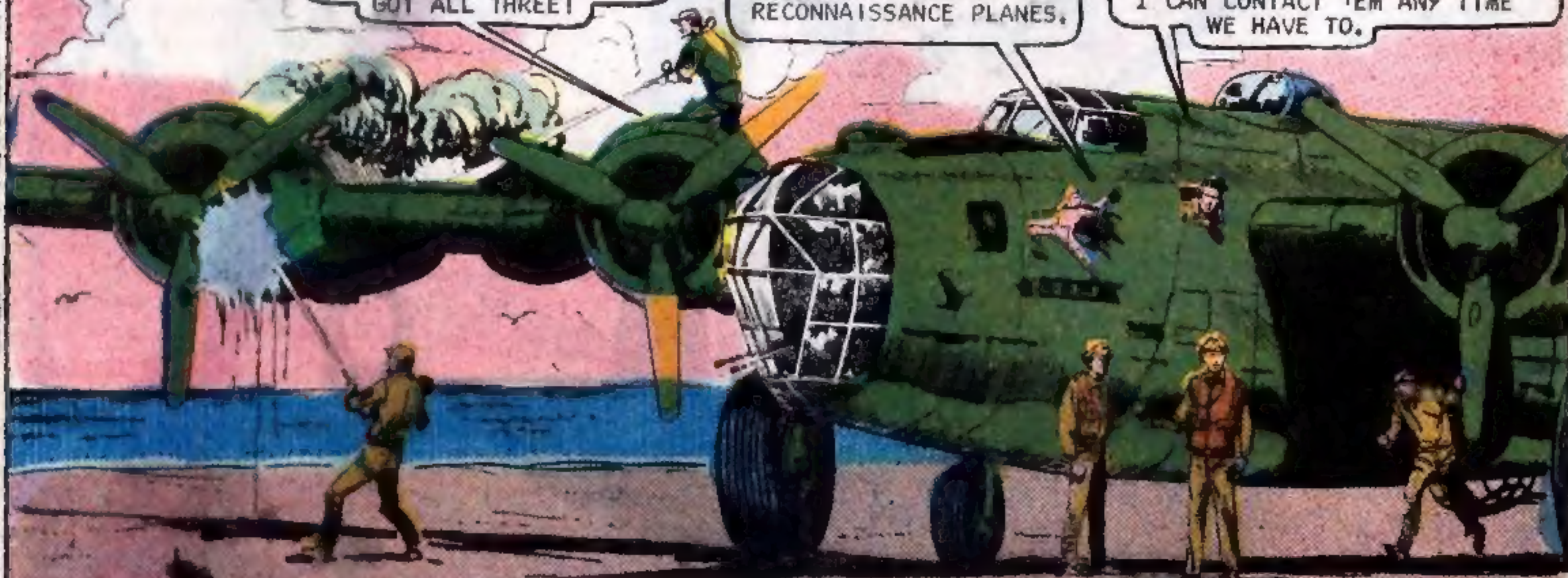


I LET THE CREW CHIEF TAKE CARE OF THE FIRE... MY FIRST CONCERN IS FOR OTHER ZEROS...
OR EVEN THAT JAP SUBMARINE WE WERE SENT OUT TO FIND!

THERE WERE ONLY THREE
ZEROS, BOSS. THE BOYS
GOT ALL THREE!

I'M MORE CONCERNED
ABOUT LONG-RANGE
RECONNAISSANCE PLANES.

I GAVE A POSITION REPORT TO
BASE BEFORE WE HIT, SKIPPER.
I CAN CONTACT 'EM ANY TIME
WE HAVE TO.



THANKS, SPARKS. DALEY, CHECK THAT
DAMAGED OIL LINE. IF WE GET IT
REPAIRED, WE MIGHT MANAGE TO TAKE
OFF ON THREE ENGINES.

WE'LL NEVER GET UP
SPEED IN THIS DRY
SAND.

I KNOW. SO WE'LL WAIT
FOR LOW TIDE AND USE
THE WET SAND AS A RUNWAY.





WE'LL GO AROUND THE ISLAND. CHECK FOR THE ENEMY. CAN YOU JOKERS USE THOSE GUNS?

I'M A FRUSTRATED INFANTRYMAN, SKIPPER.



THERE AIN'T A JAP WITHIN 300 MILES OF THIS PLACE.



WE DON'T KNOW IT BUT RIGHT OFFSHORE IN SHALLOW WATER, THERE'S A SILENT SHAPE...AT PERISCOPE DEPTH.

AMERICAN BOMBER. CREW OF EIGHT MEN, NOT WELL ARMED.



CPL. ELTON FINDS THE TRACKS IN THE SAND. AND THE MINUTE I SEE THEM I GET A COLD FEELING BETWEEN MY SHOULDERS...



IT AIN'T FUNNY, SKIP! THEM'S TRACKS... THE KINDA SNEAKERS JAP SAILORS WEAR!

SUBMARINE SAILORS, FLYBOY...AND IF SOMEONE'S WATCHING US THROUGH A PERISCOPE RIGHT NOW I DON'T WANT THEM TO KNOW WE GUESSED THEY'RE OUT THERE!

WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO, SKIPPER? WILL THEY SHOOT US UP OR WHAT?

THEY WILL IF THEY THINK WE KNOW THEY'RE THERE. FIRST THING WE'VE GOT TO DO IS FIND THEIR SUB.

LUKE, YOU AND I WILL STROLL BACK TO THE PLANE. TAKE AN INFLATABLE RAFT DOWN THE BEACH AND LAUNCH IT. I WANT TO KNOW THE EXACT LOCATION OF THAT SUB!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WE'LL STAY CLOSE TO THE REEF, THE JAP SUB WILL BE CLOSE TO IT.



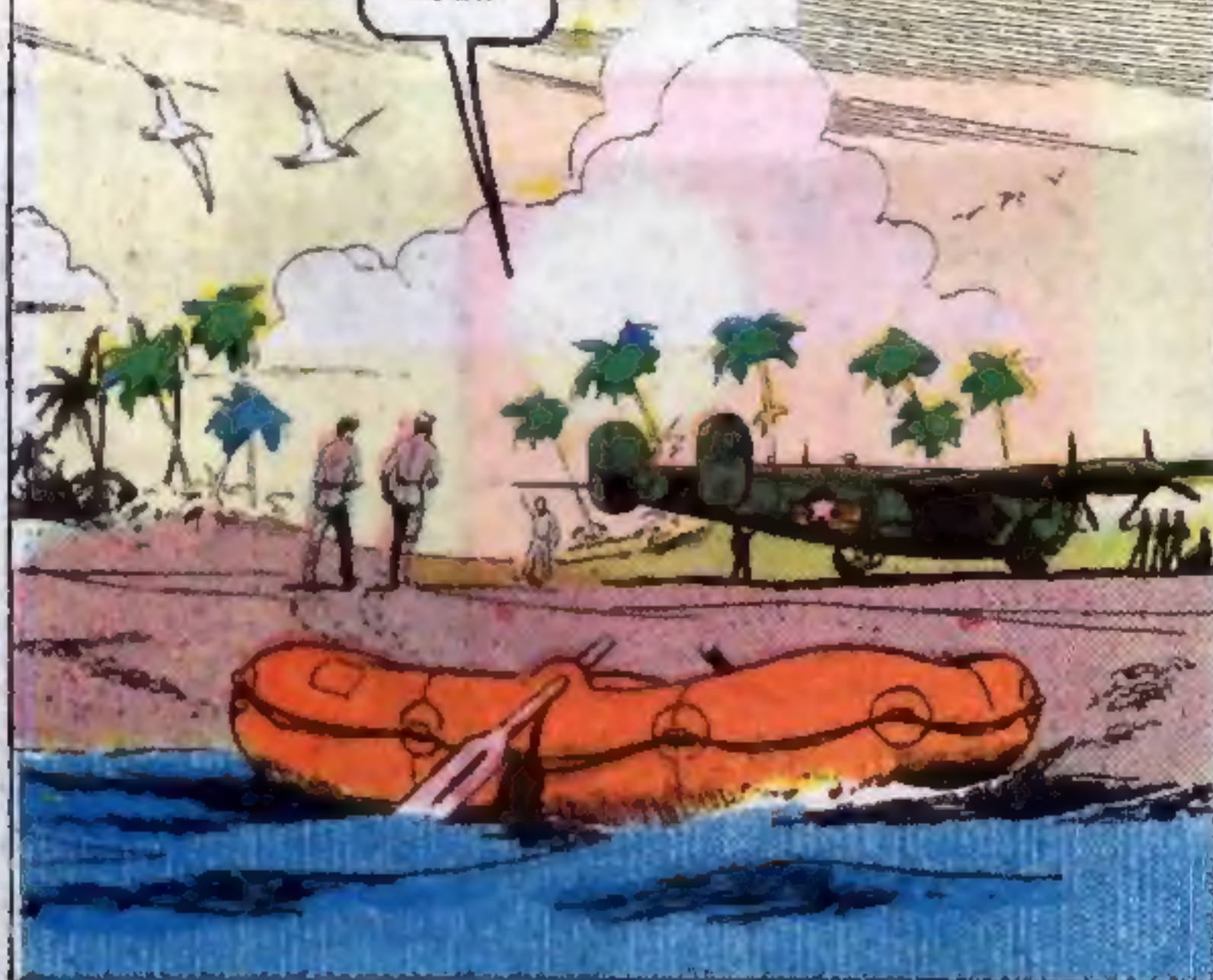
THE CORAL ROCKS ARE A FOOT OR TWO BENEATH THE SURFACE...AND THEN I SEE THE GAP IN THE REEF AHEAD. THIS IS WHERE THE SUB HAS TO BE...



THE PROPELLERS HIT THE REEF... THIS JAP CAN'T GO ANYWHERE...HE PROBABLY RADIOED FOR PARTS AND HE'S GOT TO WAIT RIGHT WHERE HE IS!

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

HERE'S THE SKIPPER. THE ENGINE'S FIXED...SOON AS THE TIDE GOES OUT, WE'LL ROLL!



CO-PILOT WILL TAKE IT OFF. THREE MEN WITH HIM, BOMBARDIER, ONE WAIST-GUNNER, AND SPARKS TO RADIO BASE IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG.

WHAT ABOUT US, SIR?



WE HIDE IN THE SAND WHILE THE PLANE GETS AIRBORNE. THE SUB WILL SURFACE AND ATTEMPT TO SHOOT IT DOWN. WE RAKE THE SUB'S DECK WITH SMALL-ARMS FIRE AND KEEP THEM OCCUPIED UNTIL THE PLANE CAN DROP THE BOMBS.



CO-PILOT REVS UP ENGINES WHILE I AND MY THREE-MAN TASK FORCE LIE LOW. THE SUB SHOULD BE SURFACING ANY MINUTE!

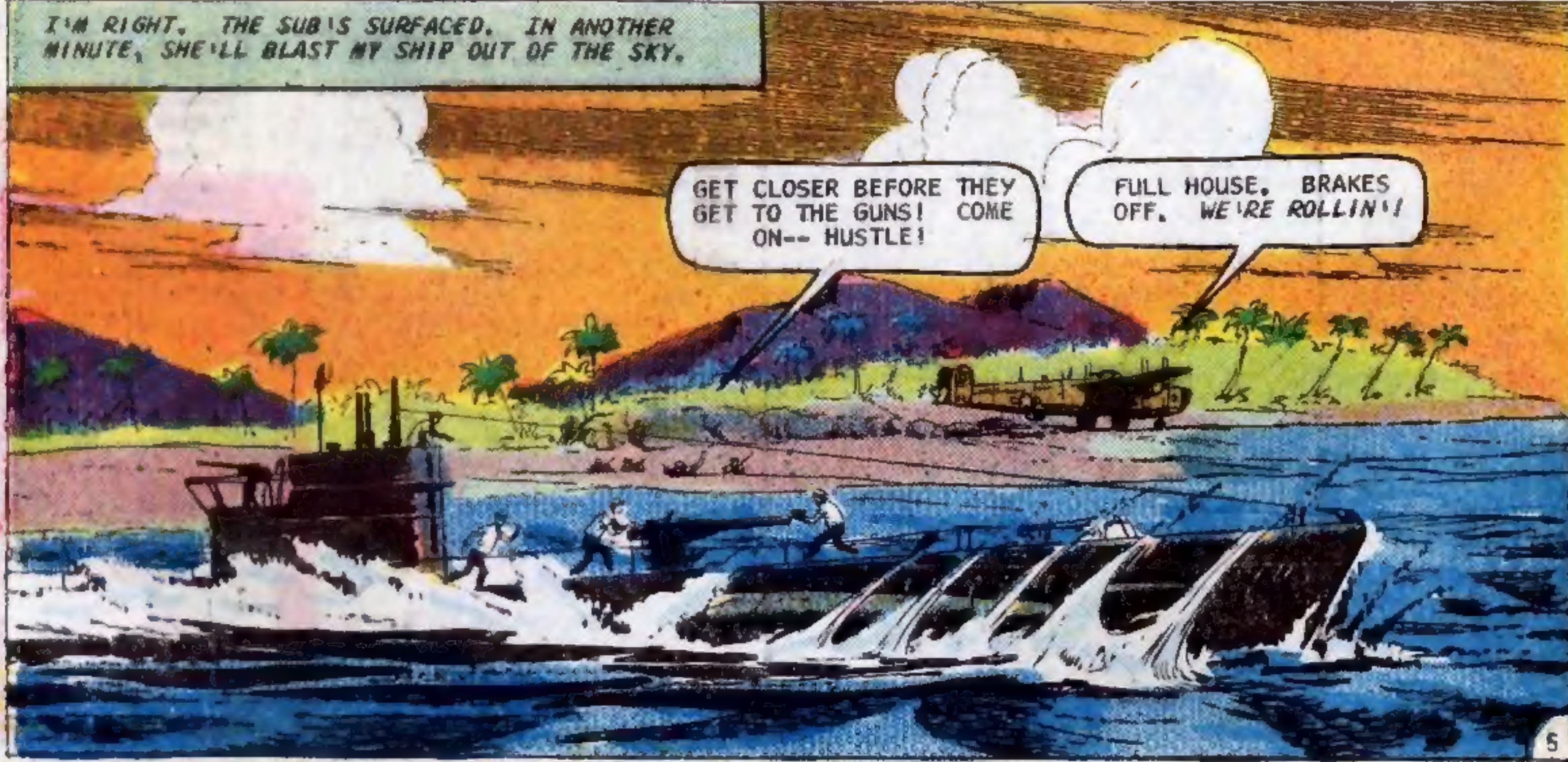
THERE'S THE CONNING TOWER!

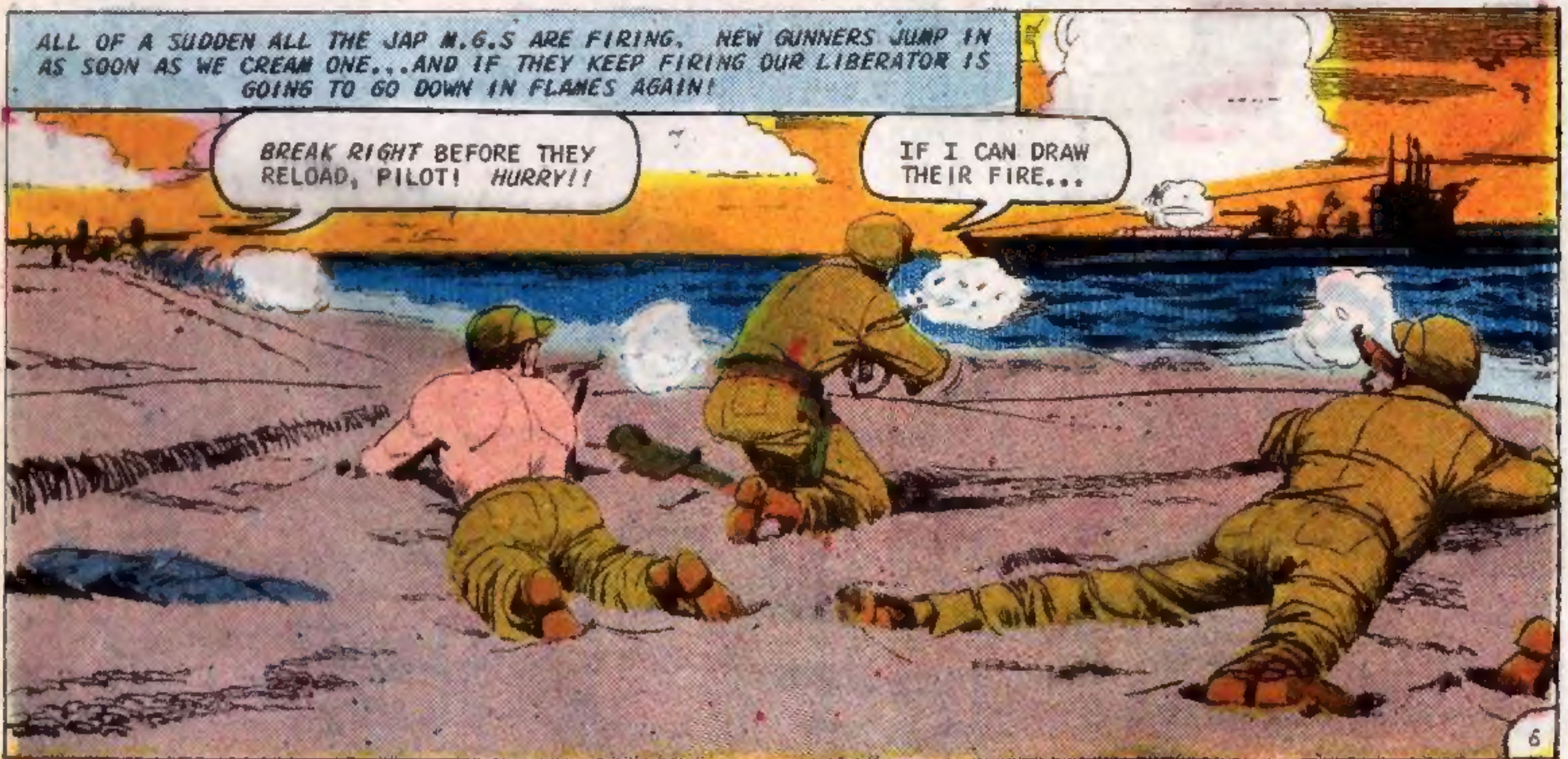
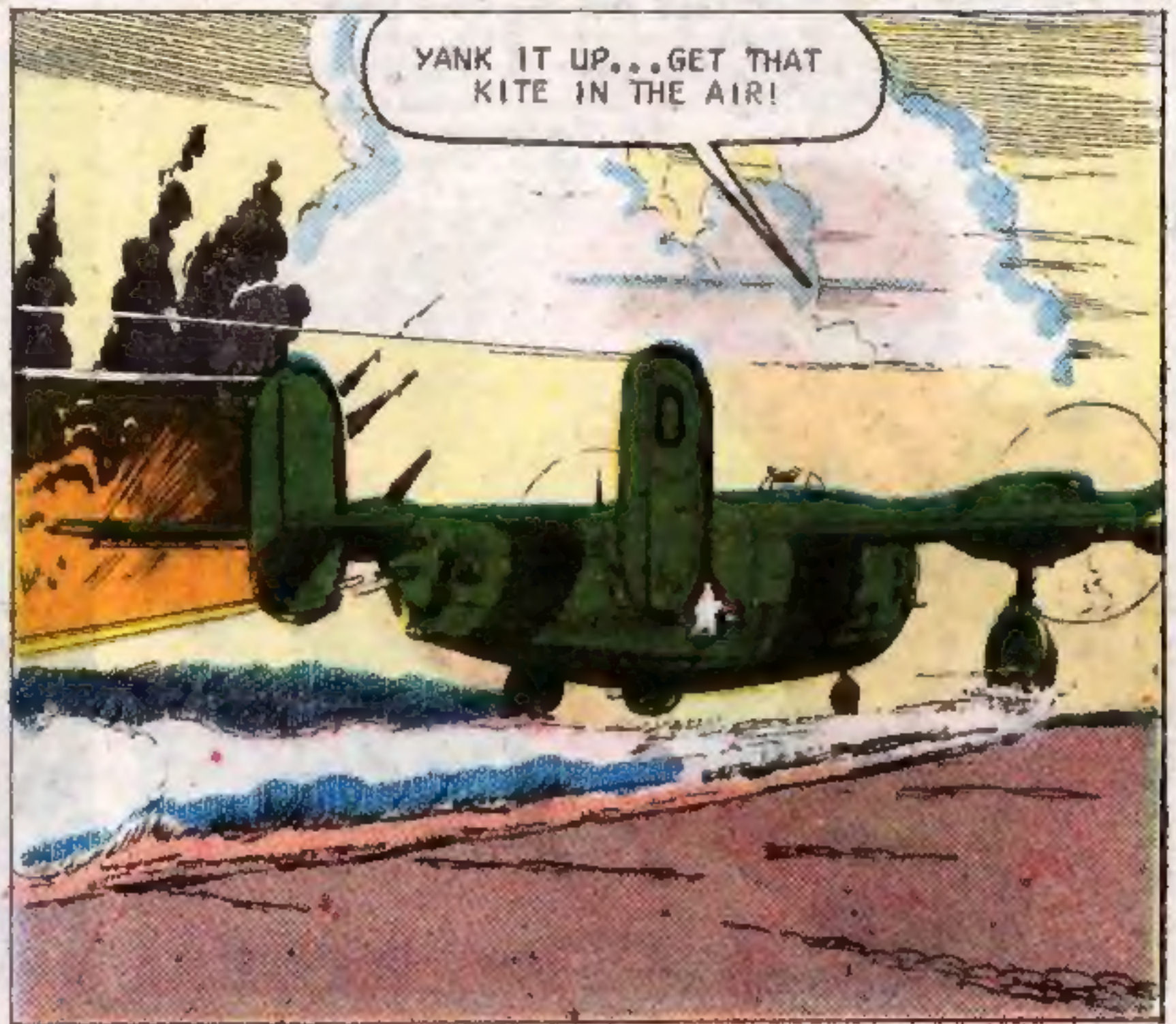


I'M RIGHT. THE SUB'S SURFACED. IN ANOTHER MINUTE, SHE'LL BLAST MY SHIP OUT OF THE SKY.

GET CLOSER BEFORE THEY GET TO THE GUNS! COME ON-- HUSTLE!

FULL HOUSE. BRAKES OFF. WE'RE ROLLIN'!





THE INFURIATED JAP CAPTAIN SEES THE PLANE GETTING AWAY... AND HE FOCUSES HIS RAGE ON ME...WHICH IS THE WAY I WANTED IT!



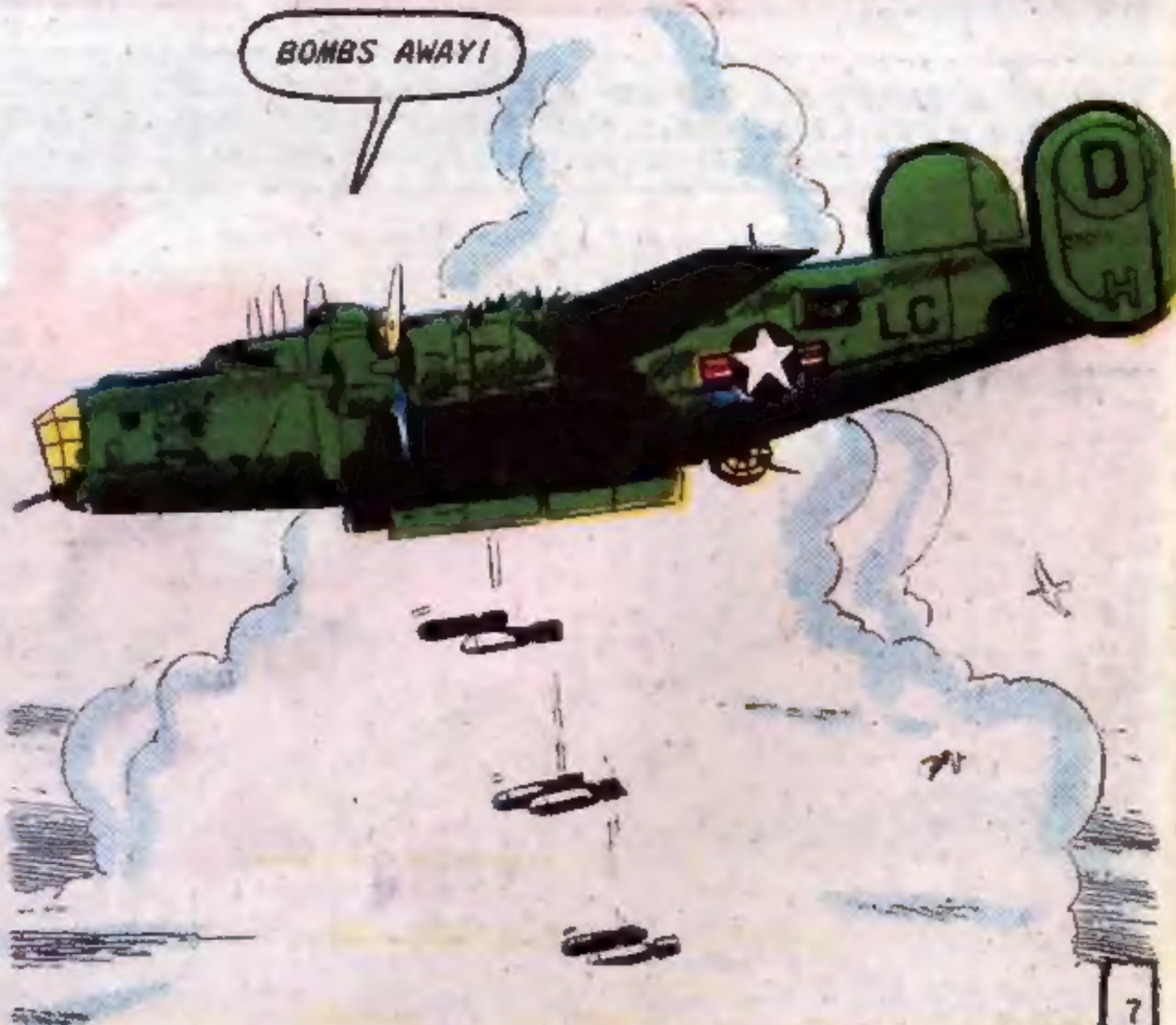
THAT LAST ONE MUST'VE BEEN
A DIRECT HIT! THERE WON'T
BE ENOUGH LEFT TO IDENTIFY!



READY WITH THE
BOMBS, FRANKIE.



BOMBS AWAY!





LT. FRANKIE SIMMS IS GETTING PRETTY ACCURATE WITH THAT BOMBSIGHT. HE LAYS HIS EGGS RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE... AND MR. JAP IS KAPUT!

DRINKS ARE ON ME, GANG ...I JUST CLOBBERED THE SUB!

BEAUTIFUL!



WE SULLENDA.

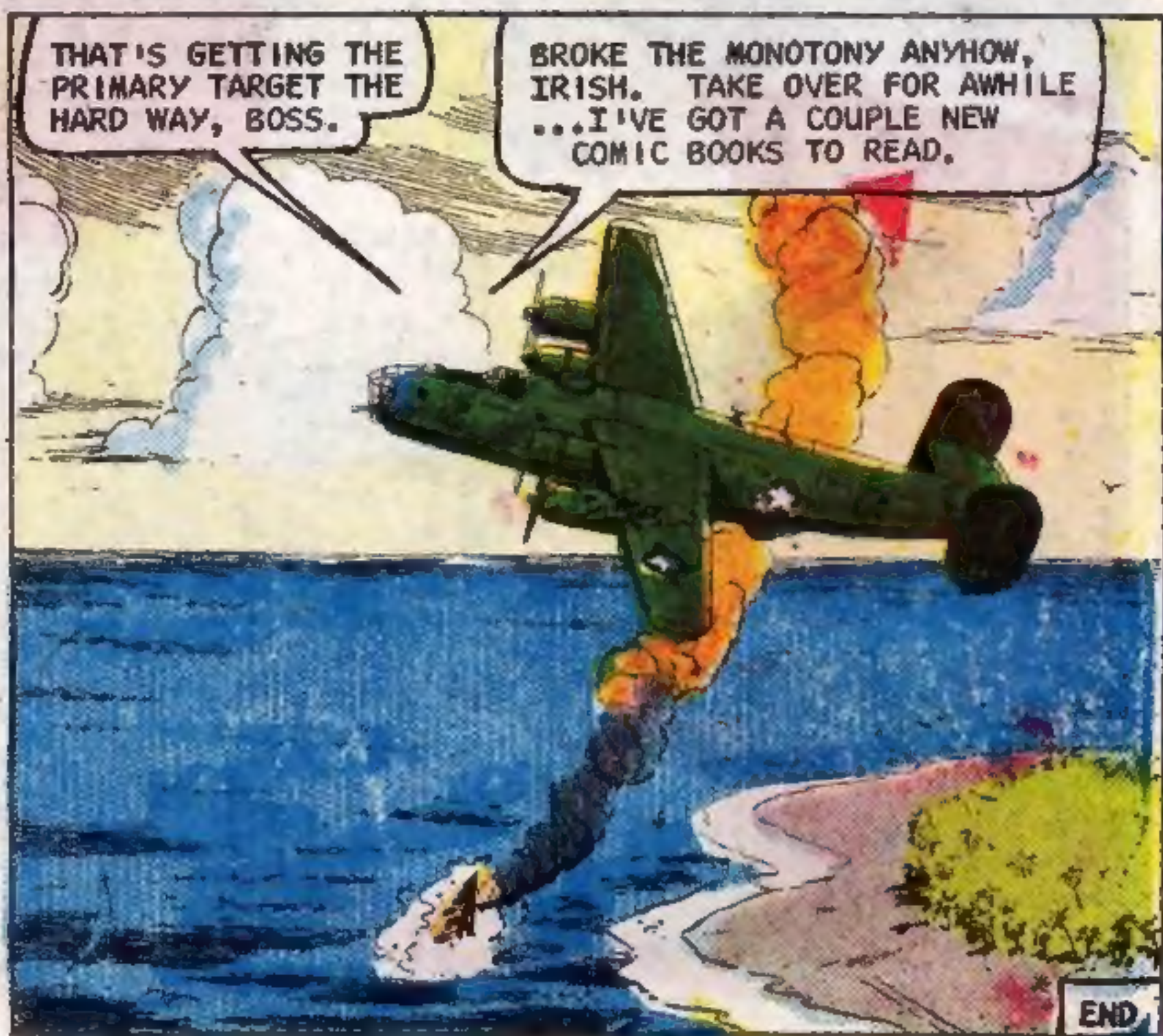
YEAH, YEAH. WE'LL BE BACK TO GET YOU SURVIVORS IN A YEAR OR TWO. MEANWHILE, KEEP YOUR DISTANCE WHILE THAT BOMBER LANDS!



I'M HOLDING MY BREATH AS CLANCY PUTS HER DOWN. BUT HE'S GOOD. WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT...



TAKE HER UP, CLANCY!



THAT'S GETTING THE PRIMARY TARGET THE HARD WAY, BOSS.

BROKE THE MONOTONY ANYHOW, IRISH. TAKE OVER FOR AWHILE ...I'VE GOT A COUPLE NEW COMIC BOOKS TO READ.

END



BEEHIVE THREE FROM
COUGAR LEADER. BREAK
RIGHT, I'VE GOT THIS
BANDIT.

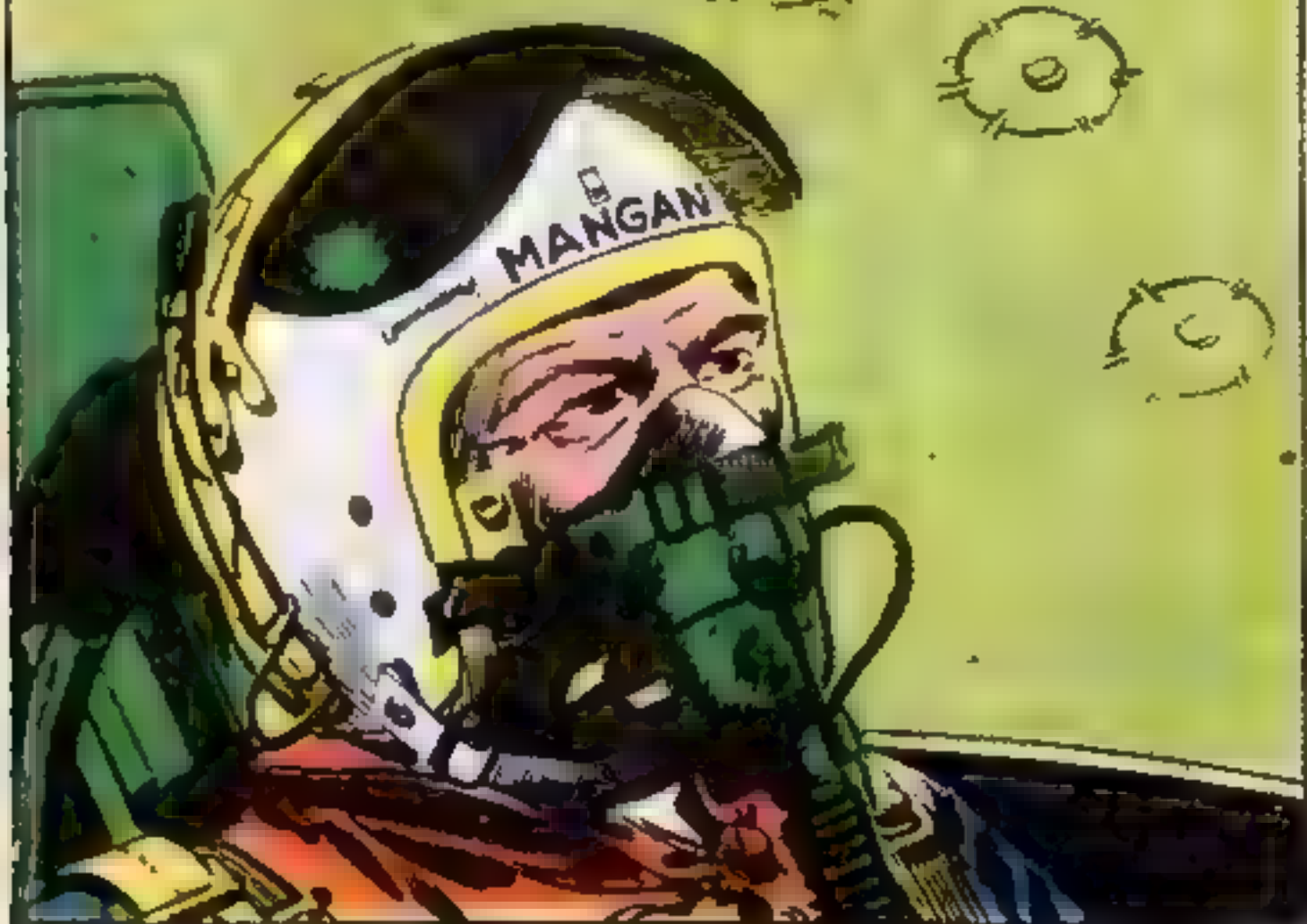
WILCO, COUGAR
LEADER.

MIGHTY HUNTER



THAT COUGAR LEADER'S
EIGHTEEN MIG!

WHAT'S YOUR NAME AND HOME BASE, COUGAR LEADER? I'VE GOT TO BUY YOU A CASE OF JOY JUICE AND A BOX OF FINE CIGARS OR SOMETHIN'!

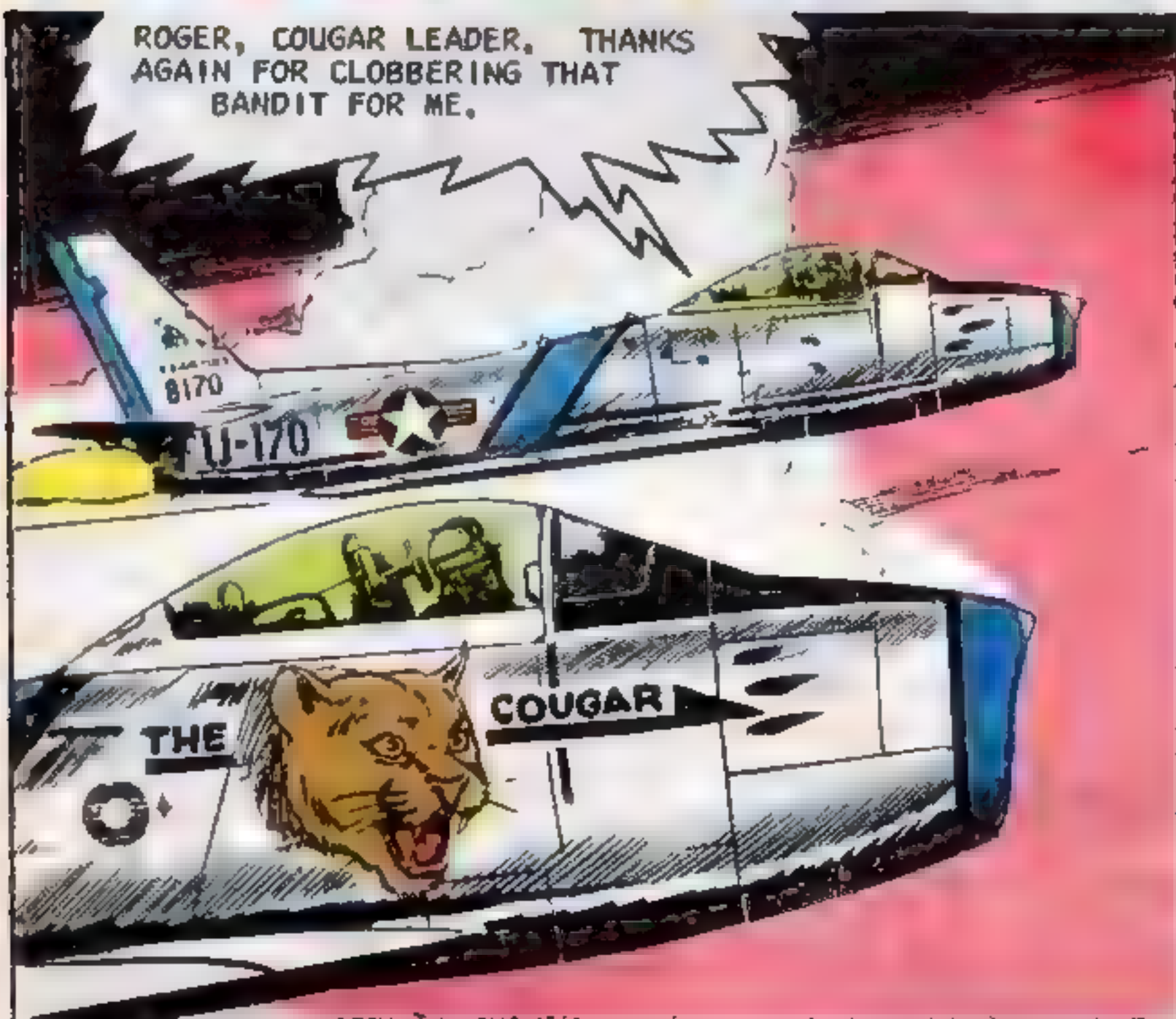


THE VOICE OF COUGAR LEADER IS DEEP AND TOUGH AS HE ANSWERS LT. JIM MANGAN'S EAGER QUESTION...

BEEHIVE THREE FROM COUGAR LEADER. YOU WILL USE CORRECT RADIO PROCEDURE. I WILL REPORT THE NEXT INFRACTION OF THE RULES.



ROGER, COUGAR LEADER. THANKS AGAIN FOR CLOBBERING THAT BANDIT FOR ME.



I WONDER WHO HE IS AND WHAT HE'S LIKE.

HE'S GOT A VOICE LIKE A BASS DRUM! I'LL BET HE'S EIGHT FEET TALL AND TEN FEET WIDE! WHAT A FIGHTER PILOT HE IS!



AND IN THE OFFICER'S MESS THAT NIGHT...

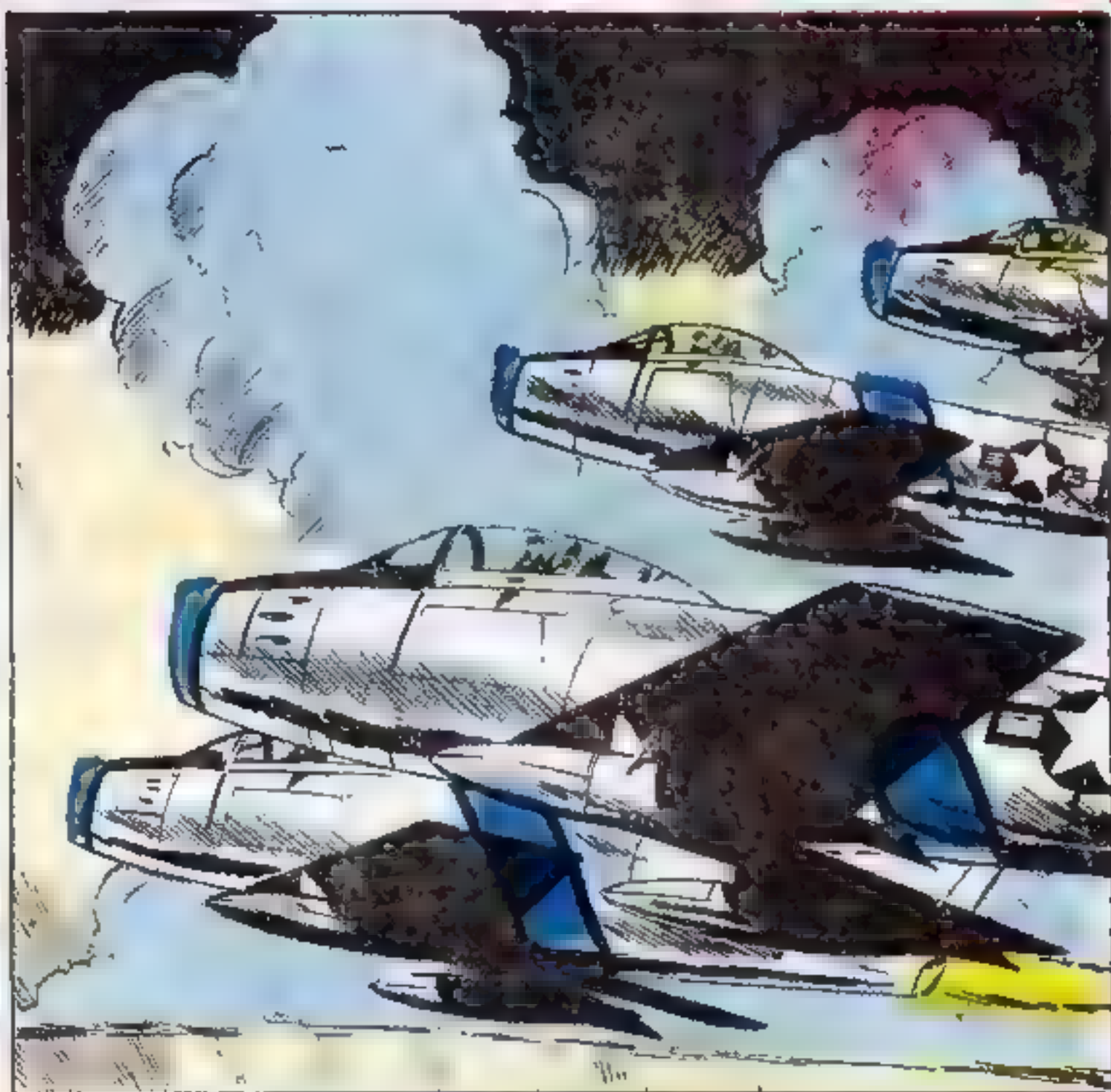
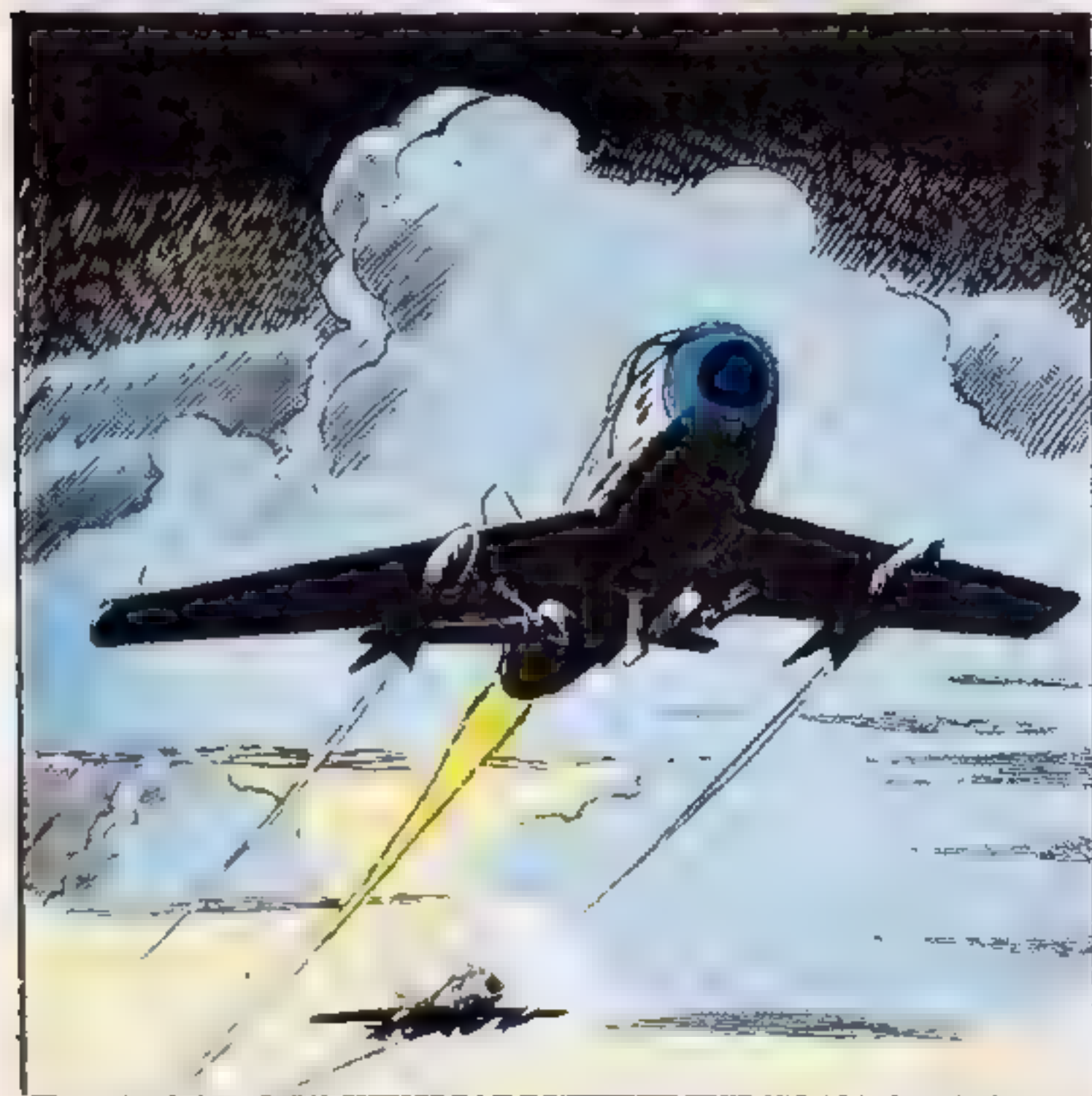
HERE'S TO COUGAR LEADER... THE MIGHTY HUNTER OF MIG ALLEY!

I'LL DRINK TO THAT, JIM!



400,000 FEET UP NEAR THE YALU RIVER, THE PLACE KNOWN AS MIG ALLEY IS WAITING FOR THEM. MEN WILL DIE UP THERE IN THAT REMOTE AND STRANGE BATTLEGROUND. WILL IT BE MET? EACH ASKS HIMSELF.

I SURELY HOPE COUGAR LEADER IS HERE TODAY.



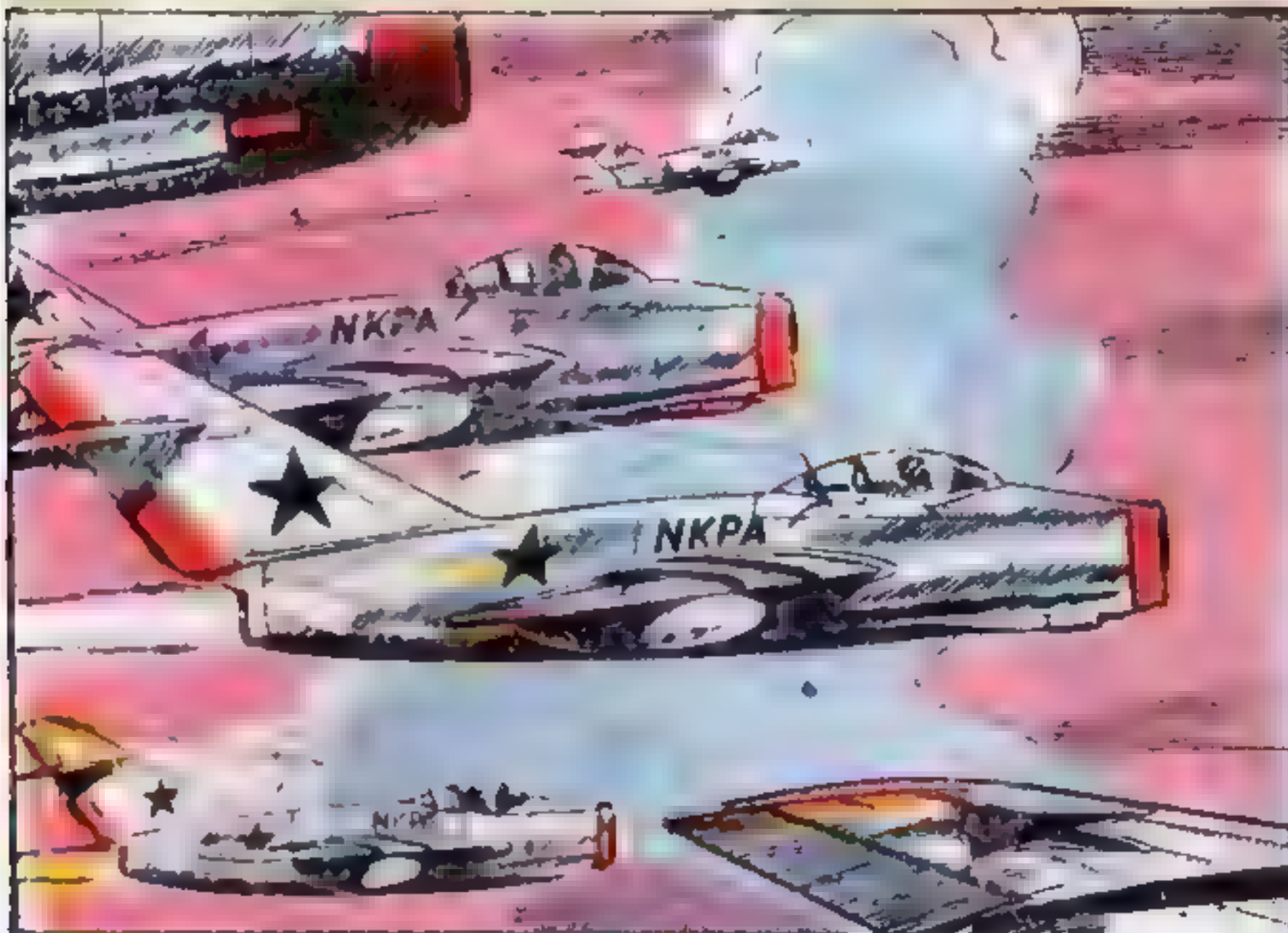
BEEHIVE FLIGHT FROM BEEHIVE LEADER! STAY IN FORMATION. DON'T GET SUCKERED INTO GOING AFTER STRAY MIGS.



WE'VE GOT WORD OF A COUPLE NEW MIG OUTFITS IN MANCHURIA. THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE GOOD... SO WATCH YOUR STEPS!



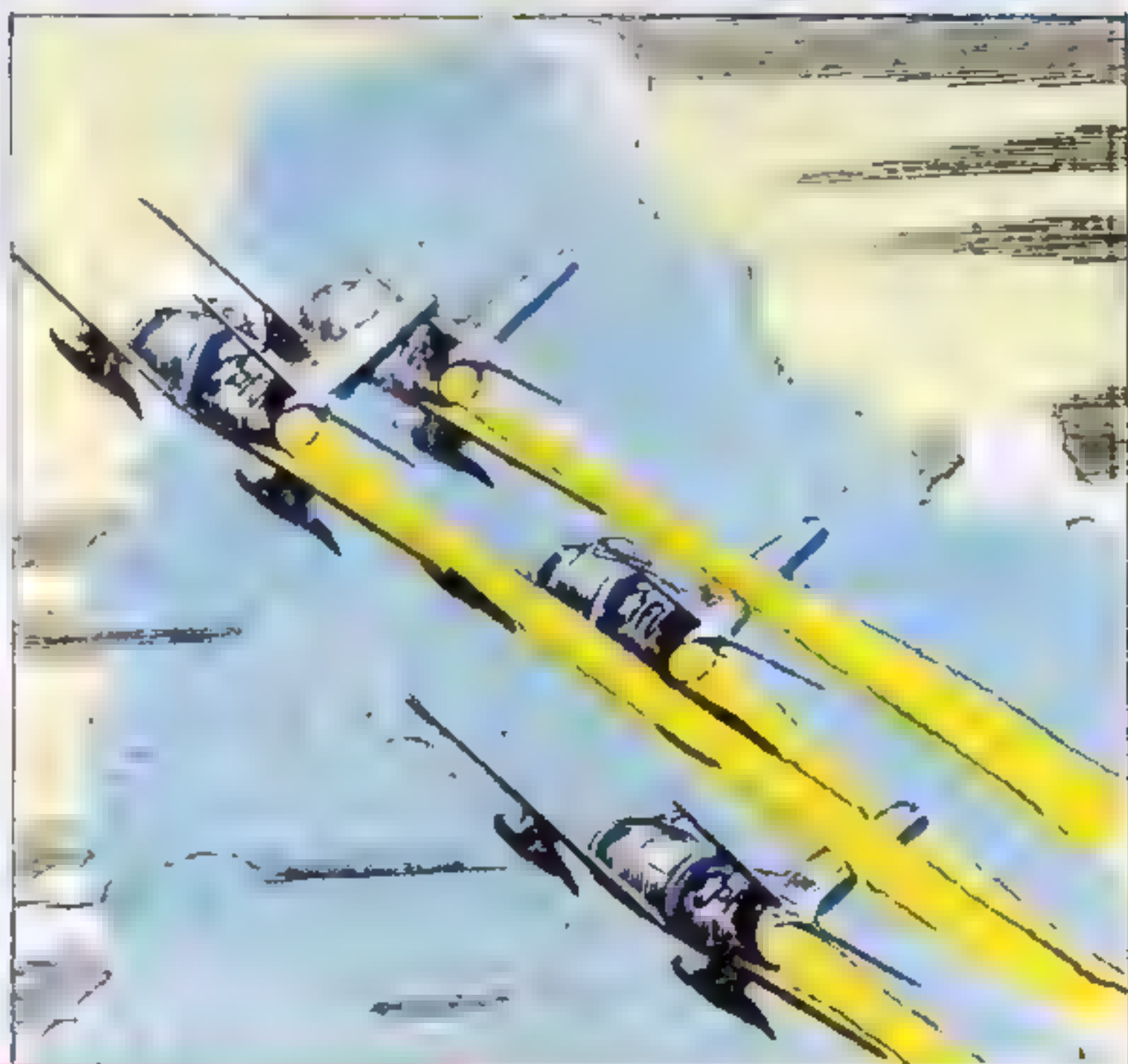
THIS IS A FORMATION OF MIG 15'S... THE PILOTS
ARE NORTH KOREAN... THEIR LOSSES ARE MORE THAN
20 TO 1 IN COMBAT WITH AMERICAN FIGHTER PLANES!



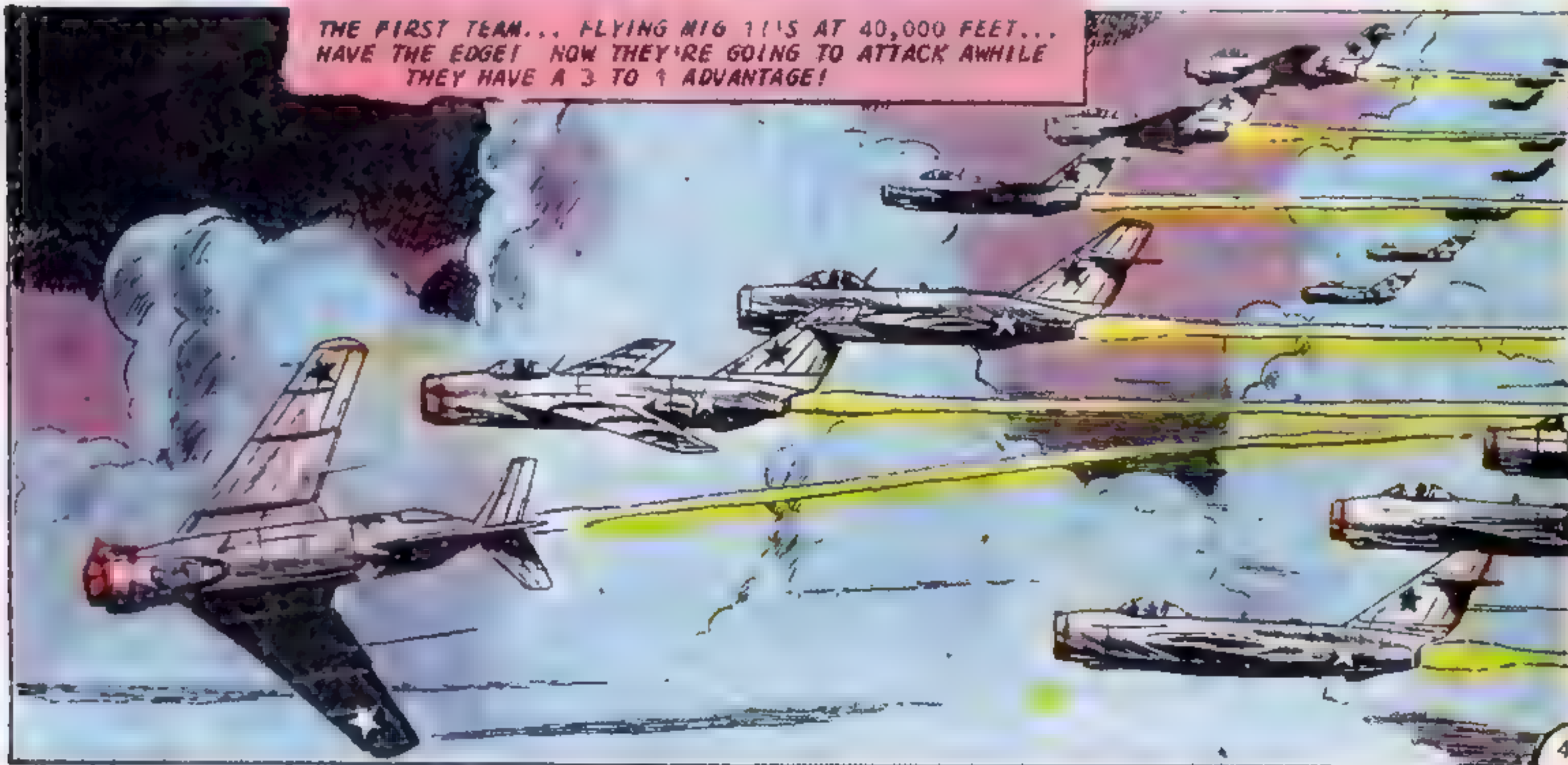
BEEHIVE LEADER FROM BEEHIVE
THREE. FLIGHT OF BANDITS
AT 38 ANGELS. THEY'RE 15'S
REAL PATSIES!



FORGET IT, BEEHIVE THREE.
THEY'RE THE BAIT IN THE TRAP
THE RATS SET FOR US! WE'RE
GOING UPSTAIRS!



THE FIRST TEAM... FLYING MIG 11'S AT 40,000 FEET...
HAVE THE EDGE! NOW THEY'RE GOING TO ATTACK AWHILE
THEY HAVE A 3 TO 1 ADVANTAGE!



HURLING DOWNWARD AT 700 MPH, THE MIG CANNON THUMP AND THE SHELLS EXPLODE AS THEY TEAR PIECES OFF THE U.S. JETS! MAJOR KEN WETTON IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE...



WATCH IT... THEY'RE MIG 17'S
THEY'RE NOT KOREAN PILOTS
EITHER!

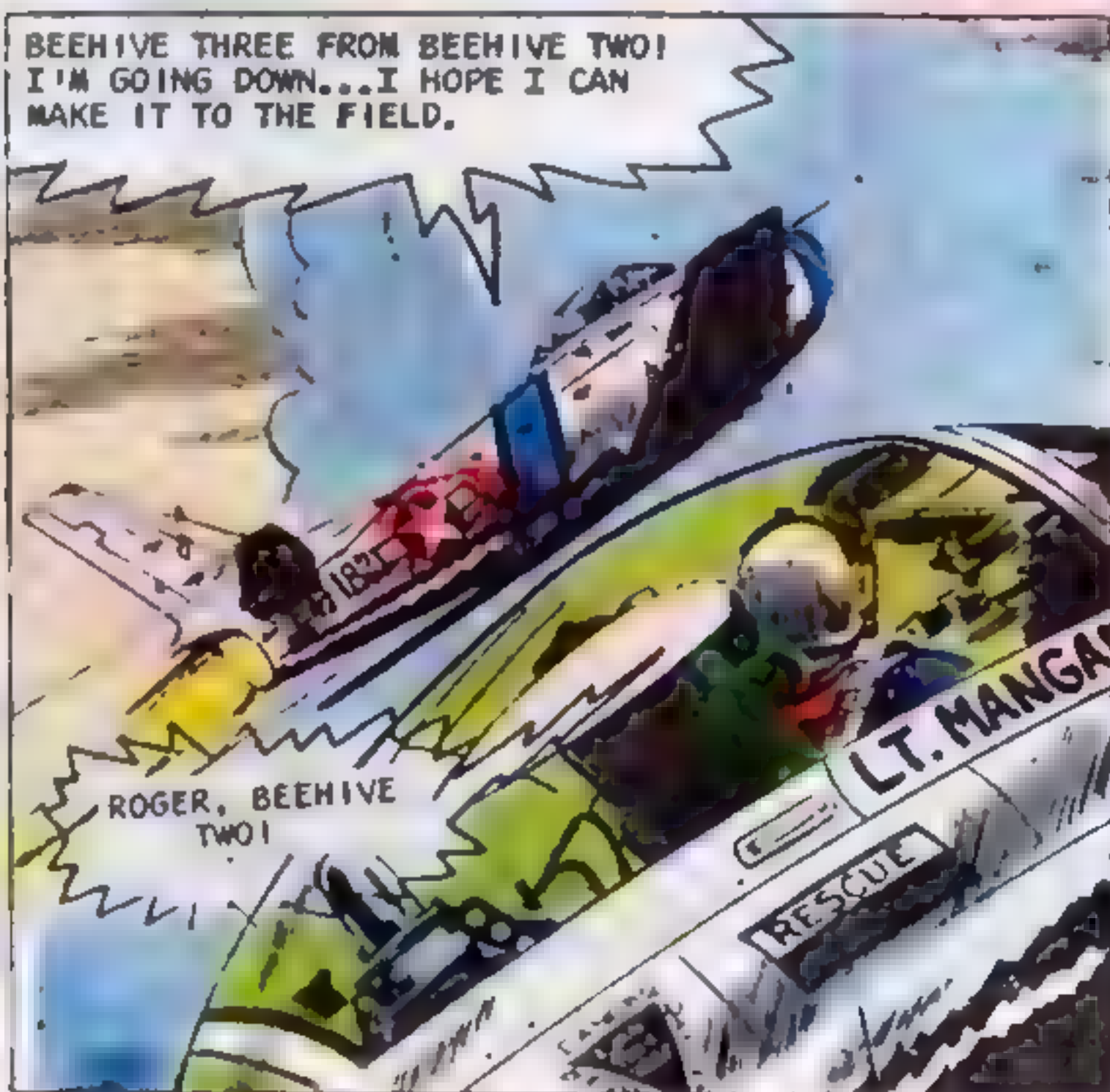
WE JUST LOST THE BOSS, GANG!
BEEHIVE TWO WILL CALL THE
SHOTS!



WHERE'S COUGAR
LEADER NOW?



BEEHIVE THREE FROM BEEHIVE TWO!
I'M GOING DOWN...I HOPE I CAN
MAKE IT TO THE FIELD.



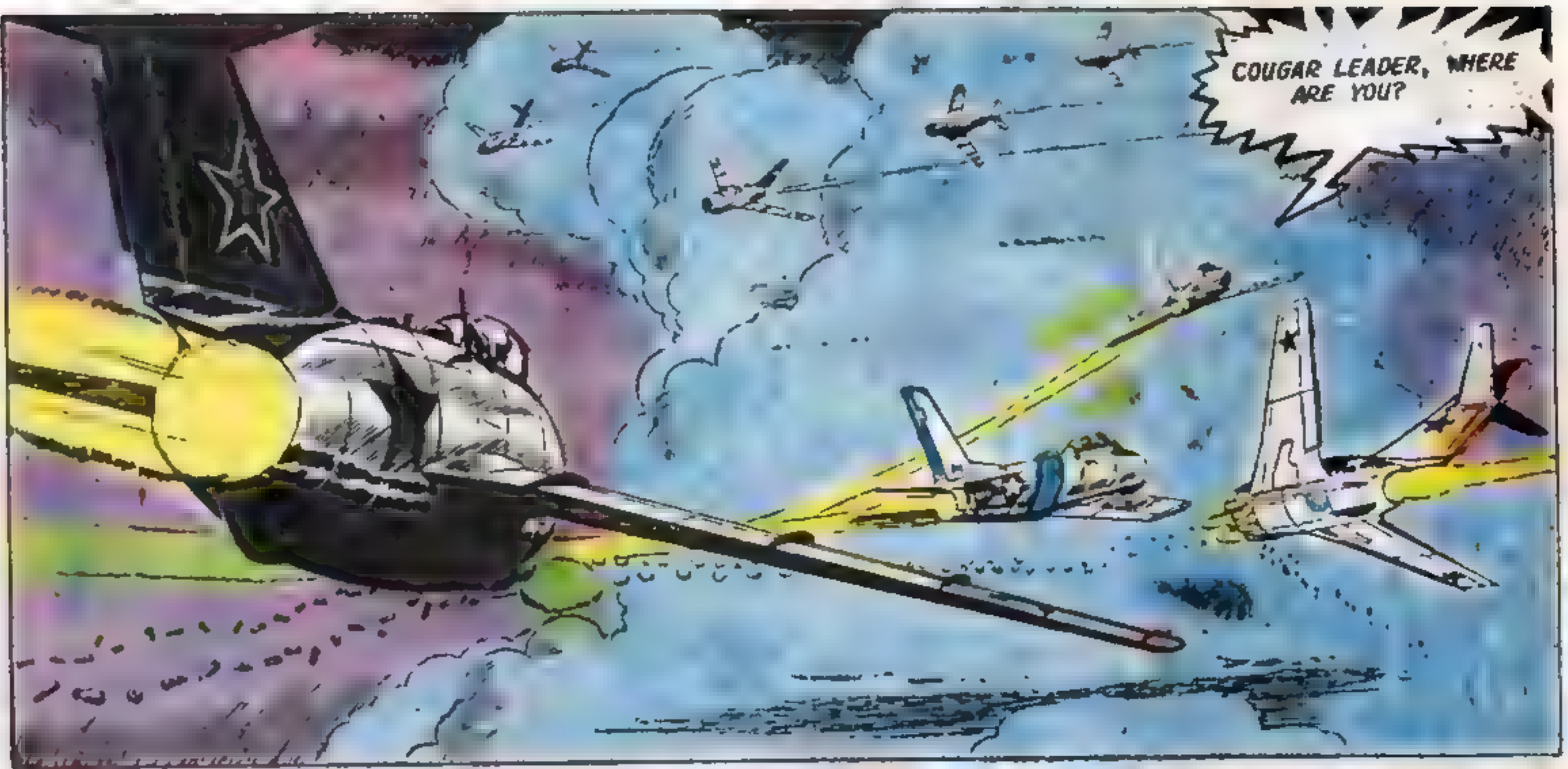
ROGER, BEEHIVE
TWO!

LT. MANGAN

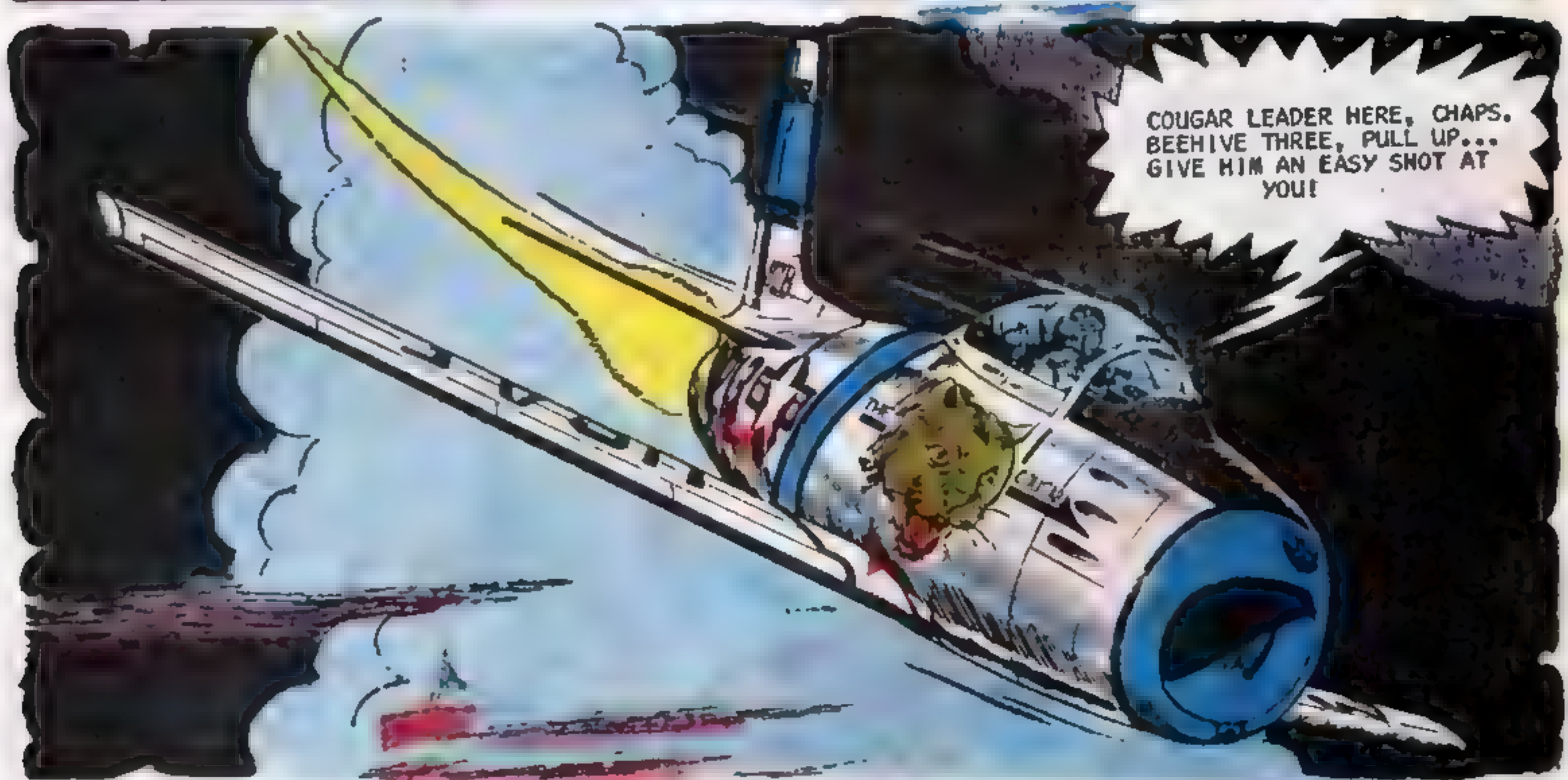
RESCUE

WHERE'S THE BIG GUY NOW?
WE NEED YOU, BAD NOW, COUGAR
LEADER!





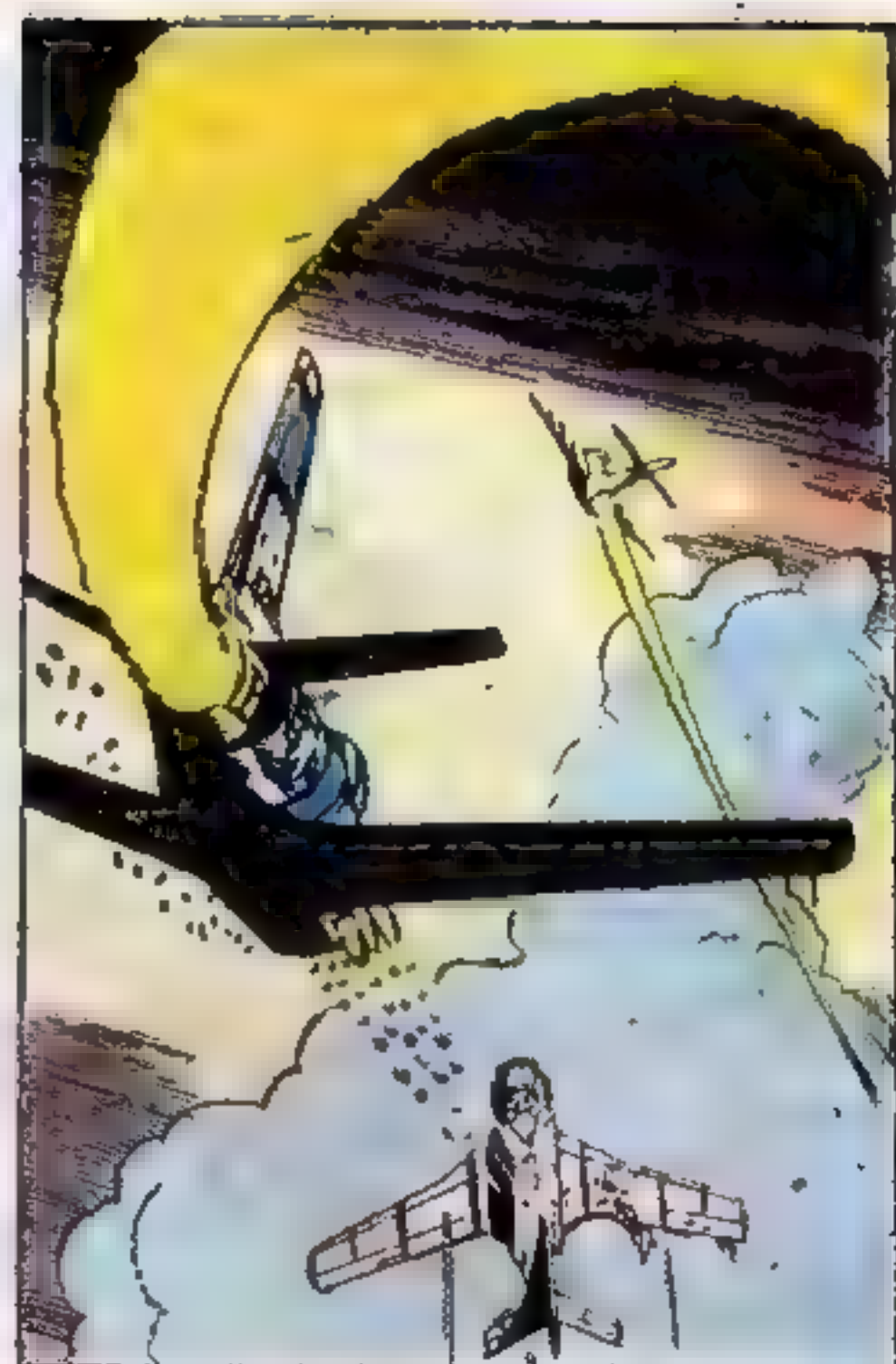
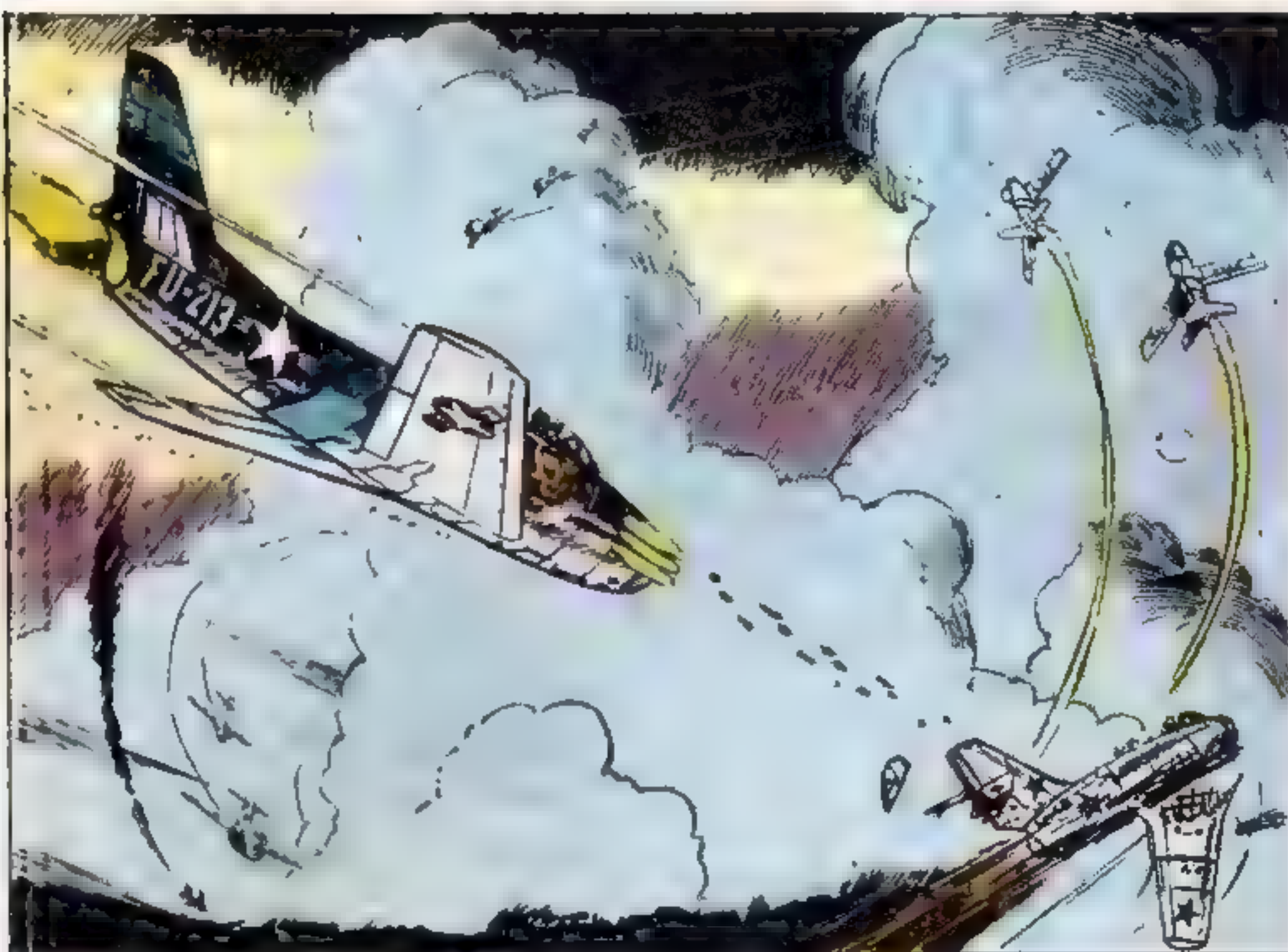
COUGAR LEADER, WHERE
ARE YOU?



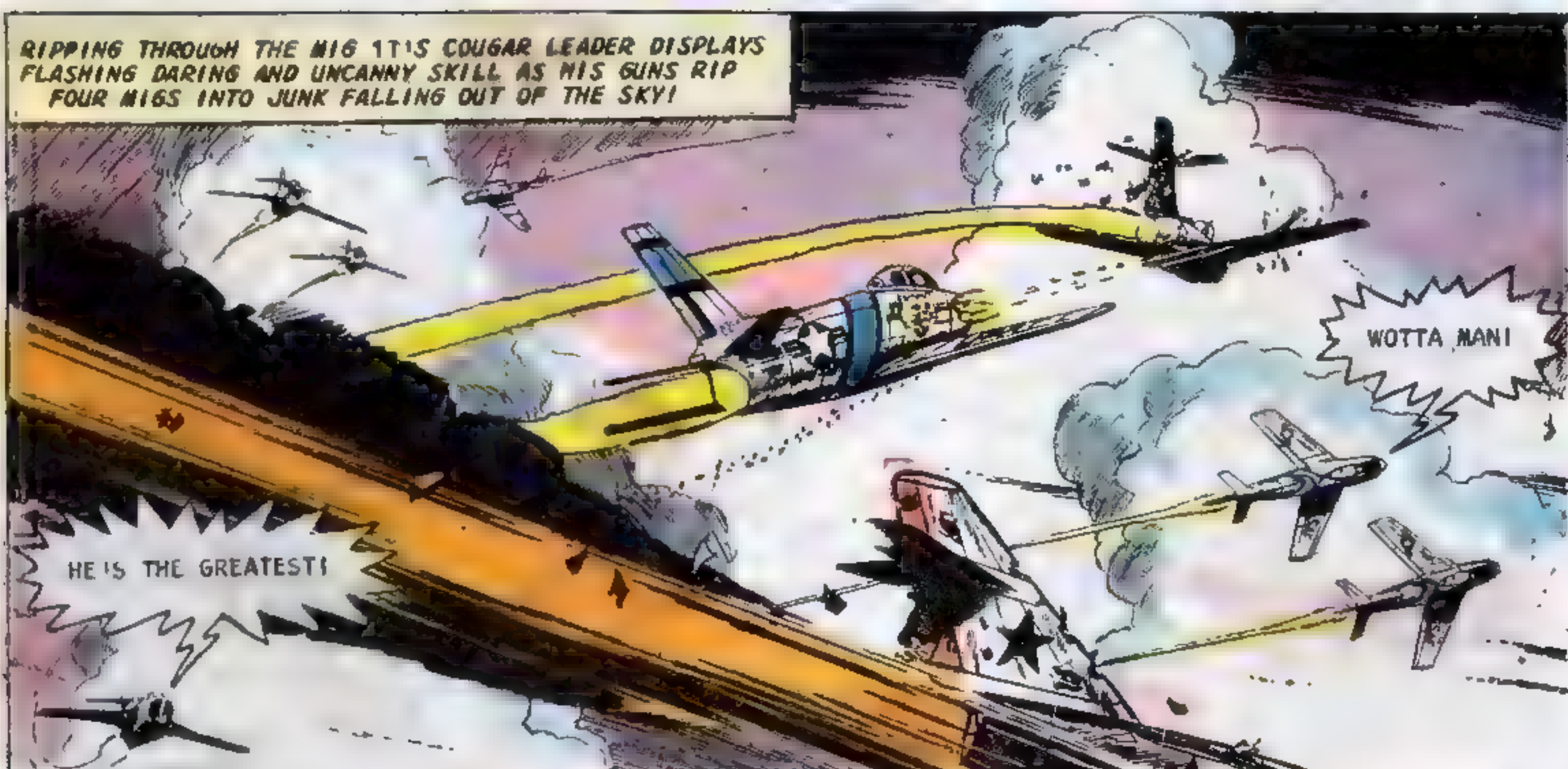
COUGAR LEADER HERE, CHAPS.
BEEHIVE THREE, PULL UP...
GIVE HIM AN EASY SHOT AT
YOU!



I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE DOIN', COUGAR
LEADER!

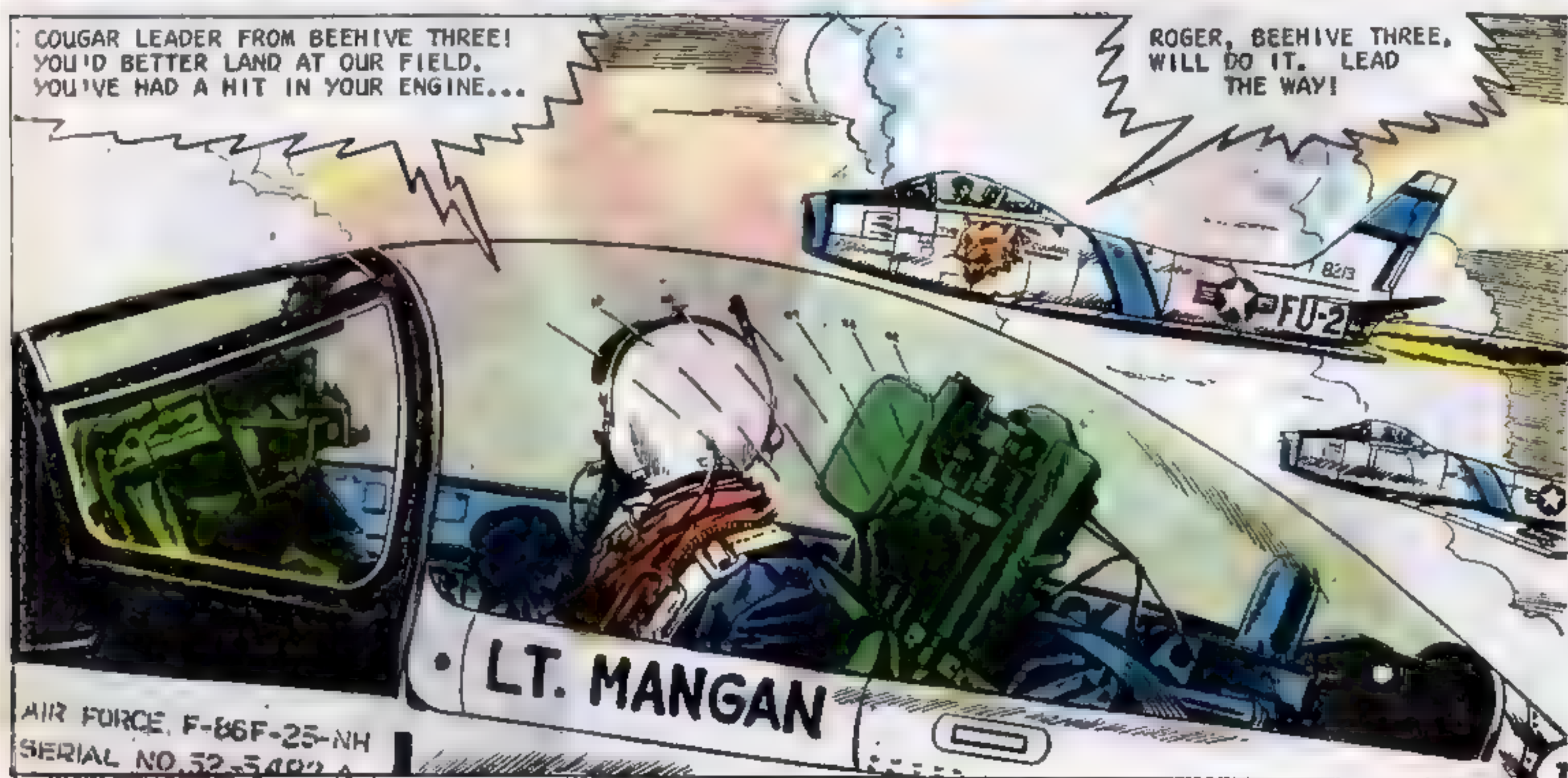


RIPPING THROUGH THE MIG 11'S COUGAR LEADER DISPLAYS FLASHING DARING AND UNCANNY SKILL AS HIS GUNS RIP FOUR MIGS INTO JUNK FALLING OUT OF THE SKY!

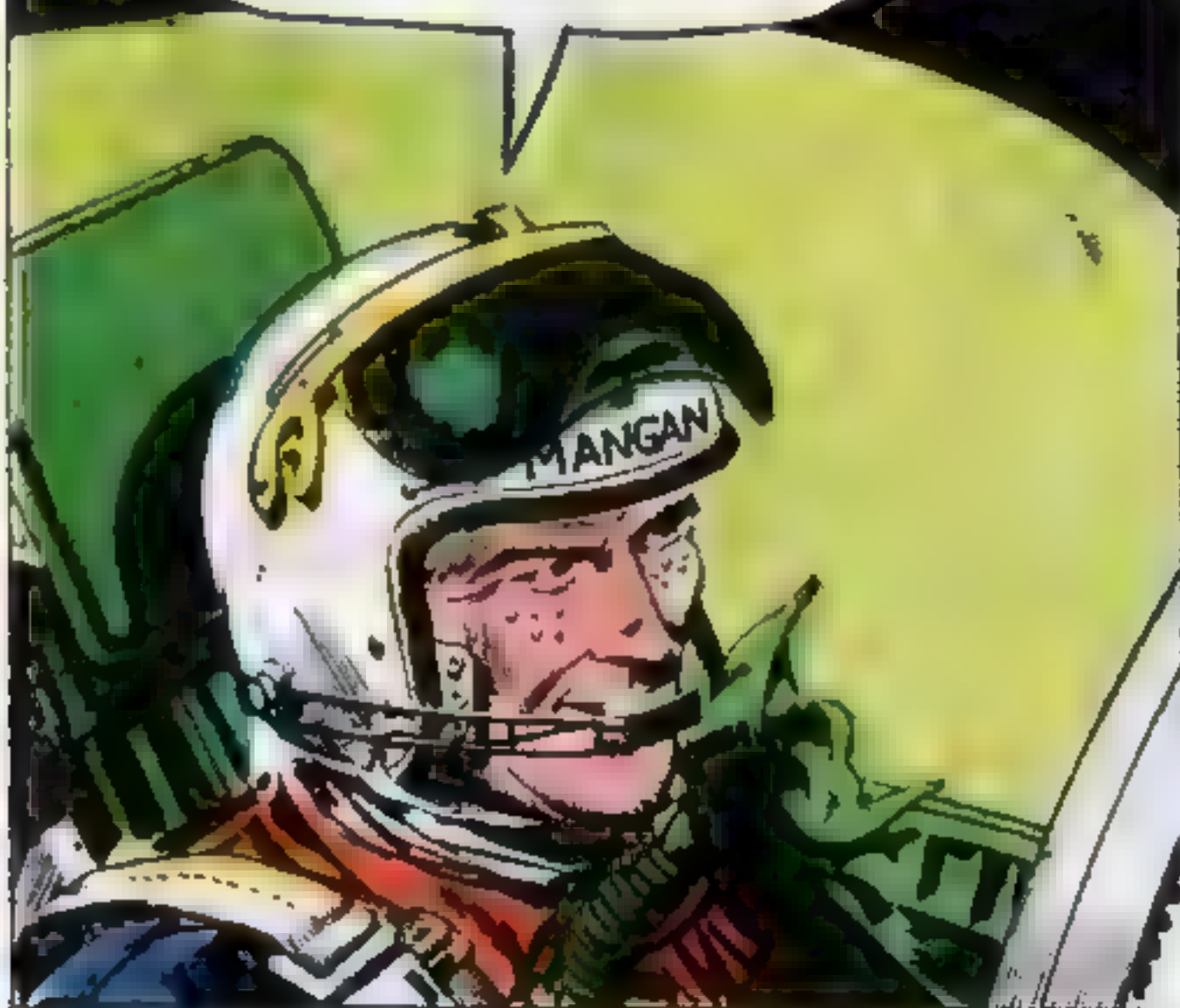


COUGAR LEADER FROM BEEHIVE THREE!
YOU'D BETTER LAND AT OUR FIELD.
YOU'VE HAD A HIT IN YOUR ENGINE...

ROGER, BEEHIVE THREE,
WILL DO IT. LEAD
THE WAY!



BEEHIVE FROM BEEHIVE THREE.
WE'RE COMING AND BRINGING
COUGAR LEADER WITH US! ROLL
OUT THE RED CARPET. THIS
GUY'S THE BEST THERE IS!



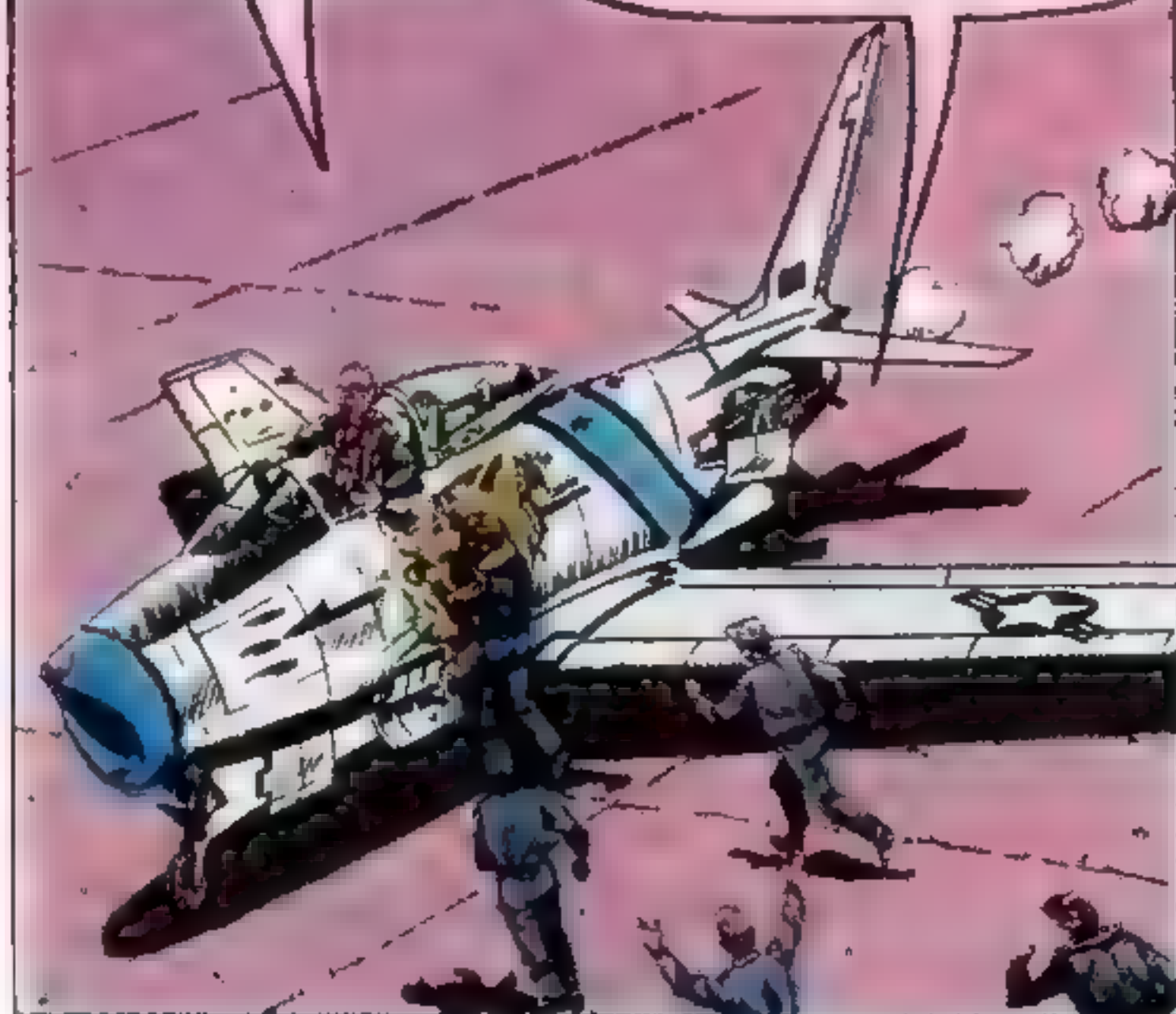
SEE HIM LAND HIS CLUNKER?
SET IT DOWN SO EASY!

THE WAY YOU GUYS DESCRIBE HIM...
THE DEEP VOICE AND ALL...I'LL BET
HE'S BIG!



WAIT'LL I GET THIS
GEAR OFF, YOU GUYS!

IT'S HARD TO TELL WHAT
HE'S LIKE WITH ALL THAT
JUNK ON!



YOUR RIBBIN' US! ARE
YOU COUGAR LEADER?

THAT'S ME,
GENTLEMEN.



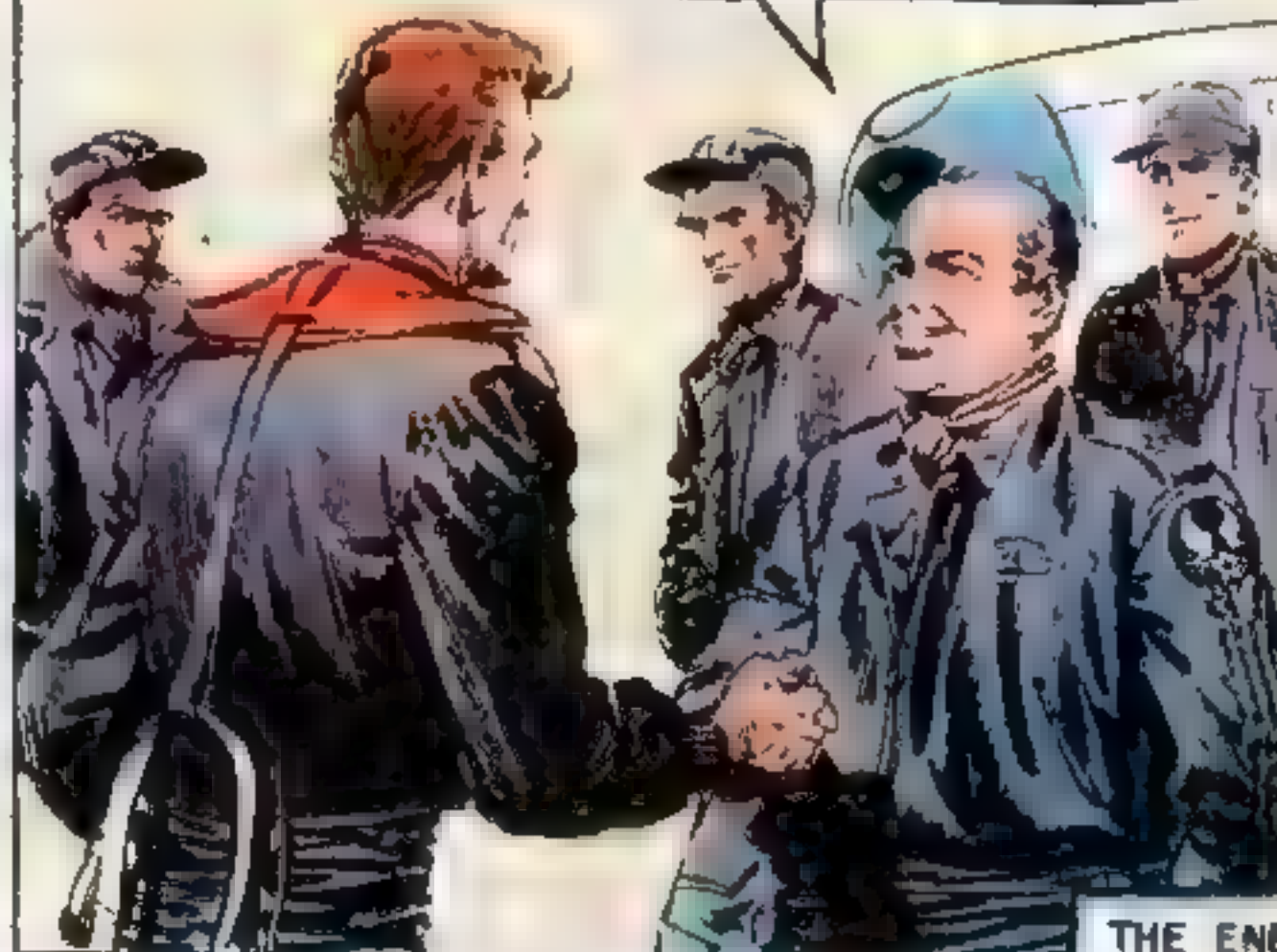
YOU GUYS ARE DISAPPOINTED,
I'M NOT EIGHT FEET TALL
AFTER ALL!

WE'RE SURPRISED, ALRIGHT...
BUT LET ME TELL YOU SOME-
THING...



WHEN YOU'RE IN THAT F86 UP THERE IN
MIG ALLEY, YOU ARE NINE FEET TALL AND
TEN FEET WIDE! YOU ARE THE GREATEST,
MAN... AND WHEN I SAY THAT, I'VE SAID
IT ALL.

THANKS, MACK. THAT'S
WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR...
IT'S BETTER THAN A MEDAL!



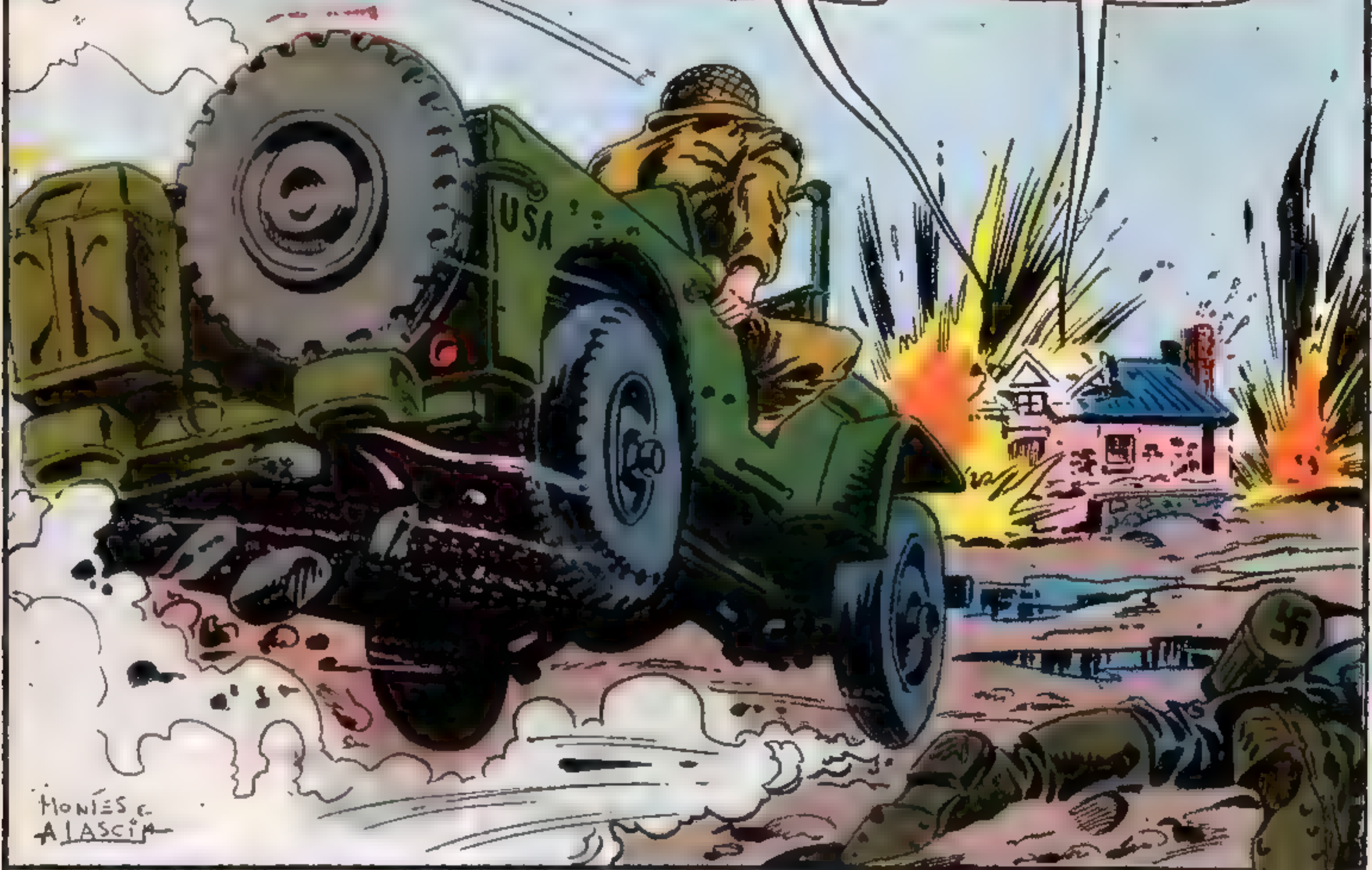
THE END

A DEAD HERO

WE'RE CUT OFF... THE SS BATTALION IS ALL AROUND US... ON THE HIGH GROUND LOOKING DOWN OUR THROATS, THE KRAUTS HAVE 88MM CANNON AND HEAVY MORTARS FIRING MINIWERFERS THAT WILL WIPE US OUT BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN! OUR RADIO'S SHATTERED... MY BEST MEN ARE DEAD... WE'VE GOT NO HOPE OF GETTING REINFORCEMENTS! THEN... THROUGH THAT INCREDIBLE 88MM BARRAGE... A JEEP SO BADLY SHOT UP IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR IT TO BE STILL RUNNING, COMES HURTLING TOWARD D&B COMPANY'S POSITION!

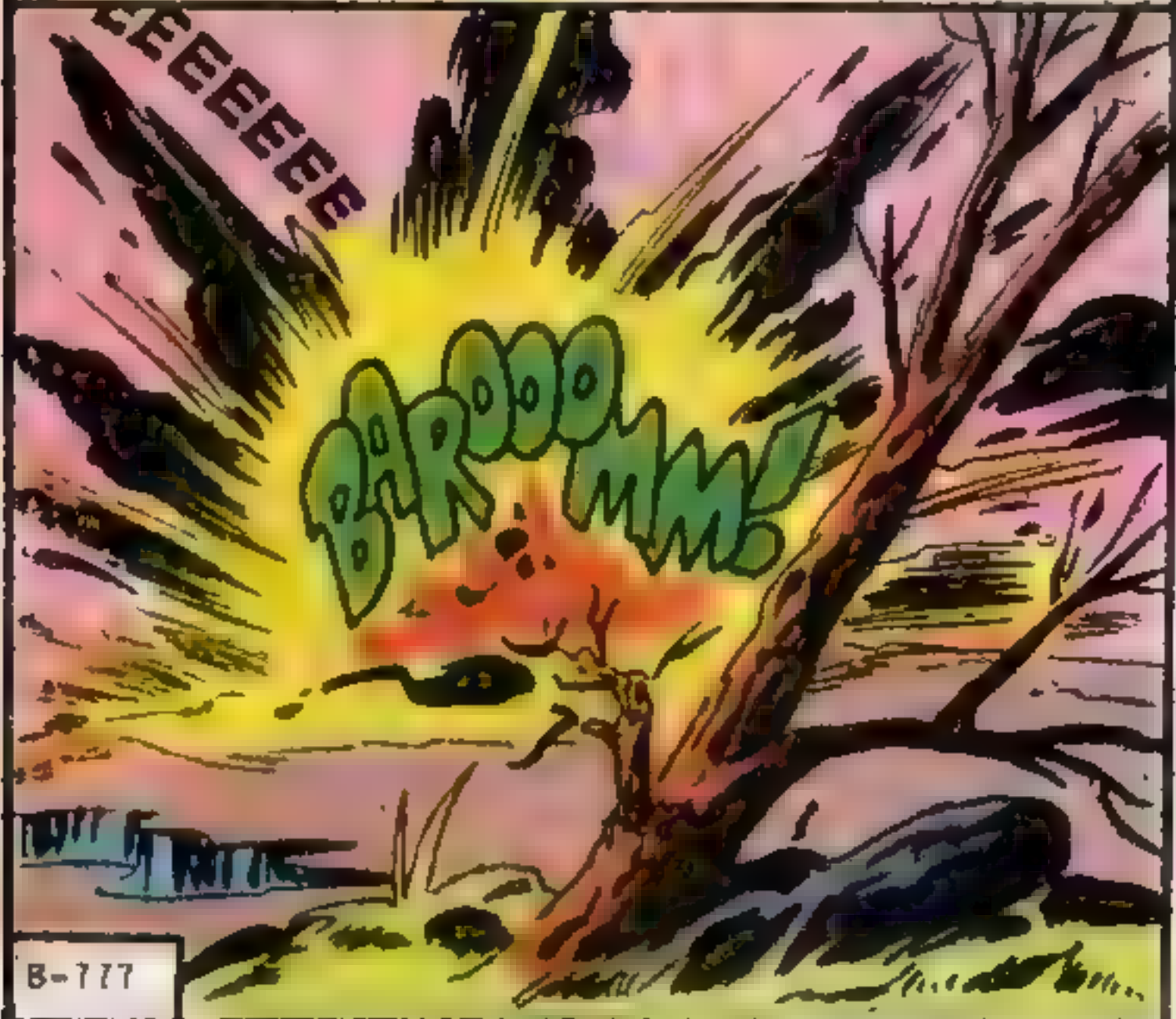
HOLD YOUR FIRE!... THAT'S AN AMERICAN MAJOR IN THE JEEP!

LOOK AT HIM... CREEPY LOOKIN', AIN'T HE?



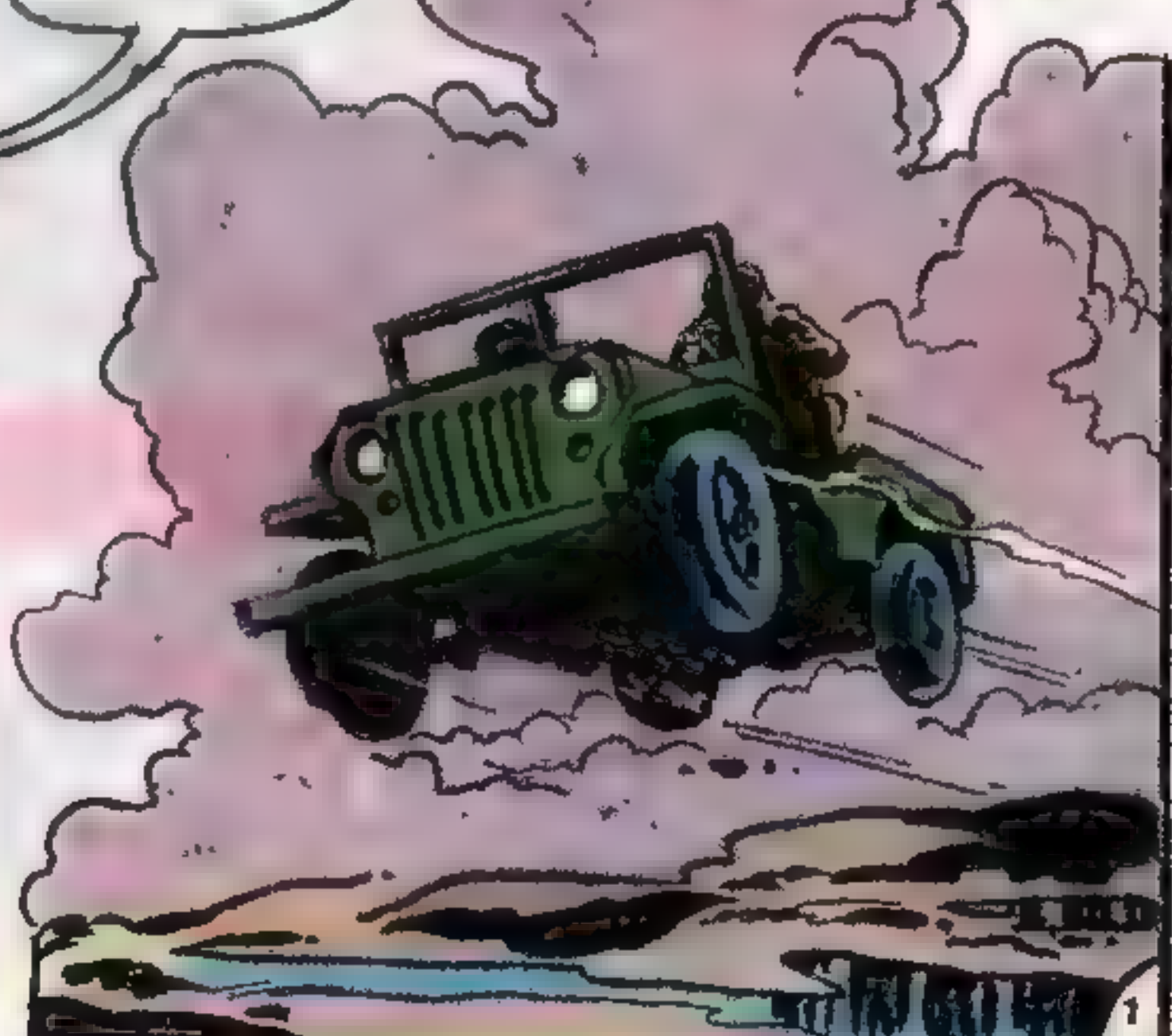
HONÉS
ALASCIA

THEN... ONE OF THE BIGGEST MONSTER MORTAR SHELLS HITS... RIGHT ON THE VEHICLE... AND I WINCE!



B-777

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!





HAVING SOME TROUBLE, CAPTAIN?

YOU MIGHT SAY THAT, SIR. WE'LL BE WIPED OUT IN ANOTHER HOUR OR SO.

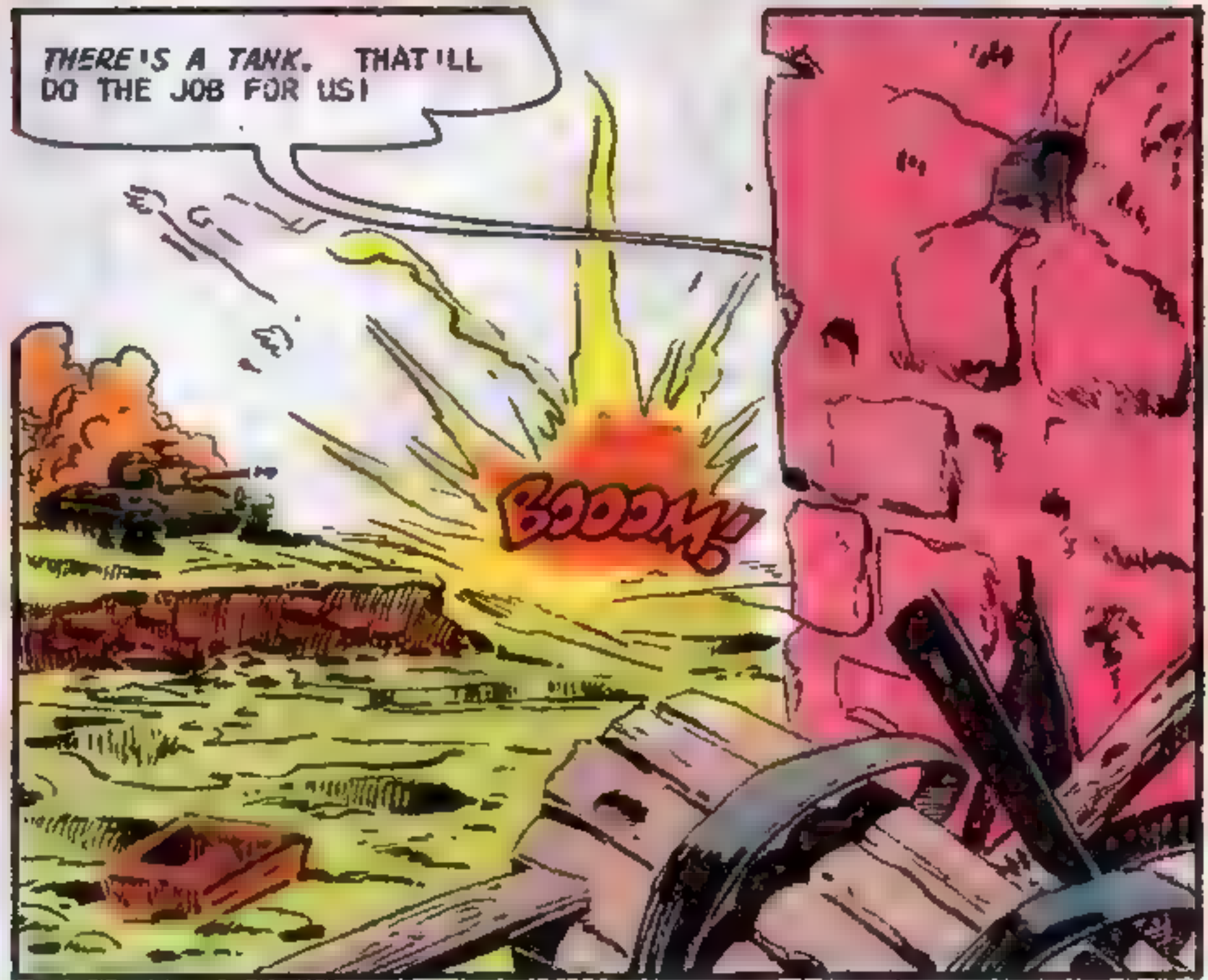


HMMMM. NAZI ARTILLERY UP THERE. THAT'S THE KEY... WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THAT HIGH GROUND.



IMPOSSIBLE, MAJOR. WE WOULDN'T GET HALFWAY UP THE SLOPE! WE NEED ARMOR FOR A JOB LIKE THAT!

I KNOW, CAPTAIN.



THERE'S A TANK. THAT'LL DO THE JOB FOR US!



MY GUYS ARE GLAD OF ANY HELP THEY CAN GET... BUT THEY'RE WONDERING JUST LIKE ME...

THE NAZIS ARE ALL AROUND US ...THEY'VE GOT THE ROAD CUT OFF BACK THERE. HOW'D YOU...

NO PROBLEM, CAPTAIN. NOW ...WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THAT HIGH GROUND.



THE MAJOR SAYS THE TANK WILL LEAD THE WAY! LOAD UP...GET READY... WE'RE GOIN' UP THE SLOPE!

THE KRAUTS ARE HAVING A BALL!
THEY'RE FIRING AT ZERO RANGE...
KNOCKING OUR EARS OFF AT WILL!

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

ONE BY ONE, THE
AMERIKANERS ARE
KAPUT!!

MY DRIVER AND I WILL FLANK
THE TANK... YOU DEPLOY YOUR
MEN WELL TO THE REAR! ONCE
WE BEGIN THIS ASSAULT, KEEP
GOING!

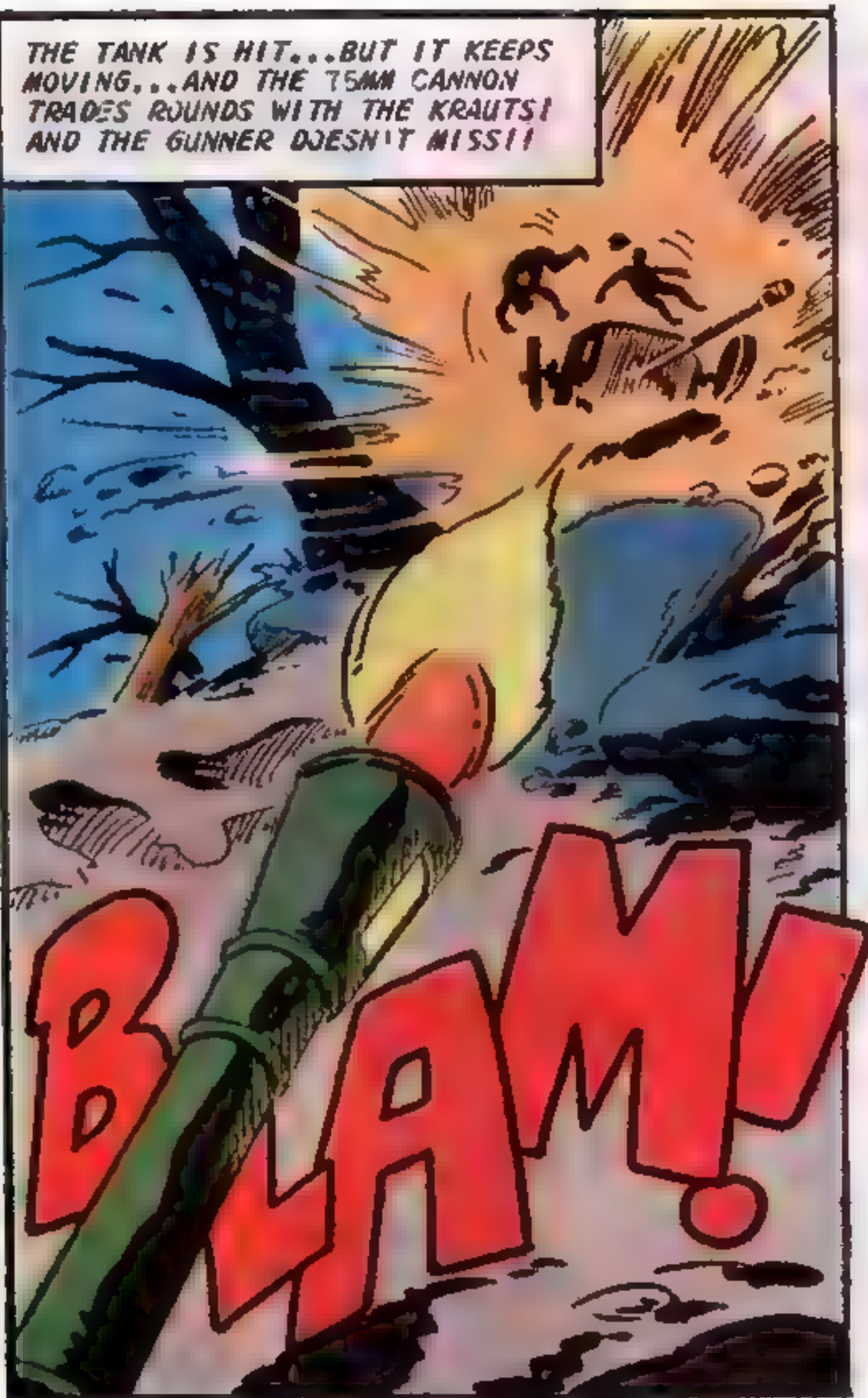
YES,
SIR.

WHAM!

FOLLOW US,
CAPTAIN.

WE'RE SEEING IT HAPPEN
BUT IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE
OUR OWN EYES. THE MAJOR
MOVES OUT, UNTOUCHED BY
ABOUT A BILLION BULLETS
CHURNING THE AIR AND
GROUND AROUND HIM... THE
TANK TAKES A DIRECT HIT
FROM AN H-1 BUT DOESN'T
SEEM AFFECTED... AND WE
GET READY TO THROW AWAY
OUR LIVES.

THE TANK IS HIT...BUT IT KEEPS MOVING...AND THE 75MM CANNON TRADES ROUNDS WITH THE KRAUTS! AND THE GUNNER DOESN'T MISS!!



LET'S GO, DOG COMPANY! WE WOULD'VE DIED ANYHOW IF THAT MAJOR HADN'T SHOWN UP!

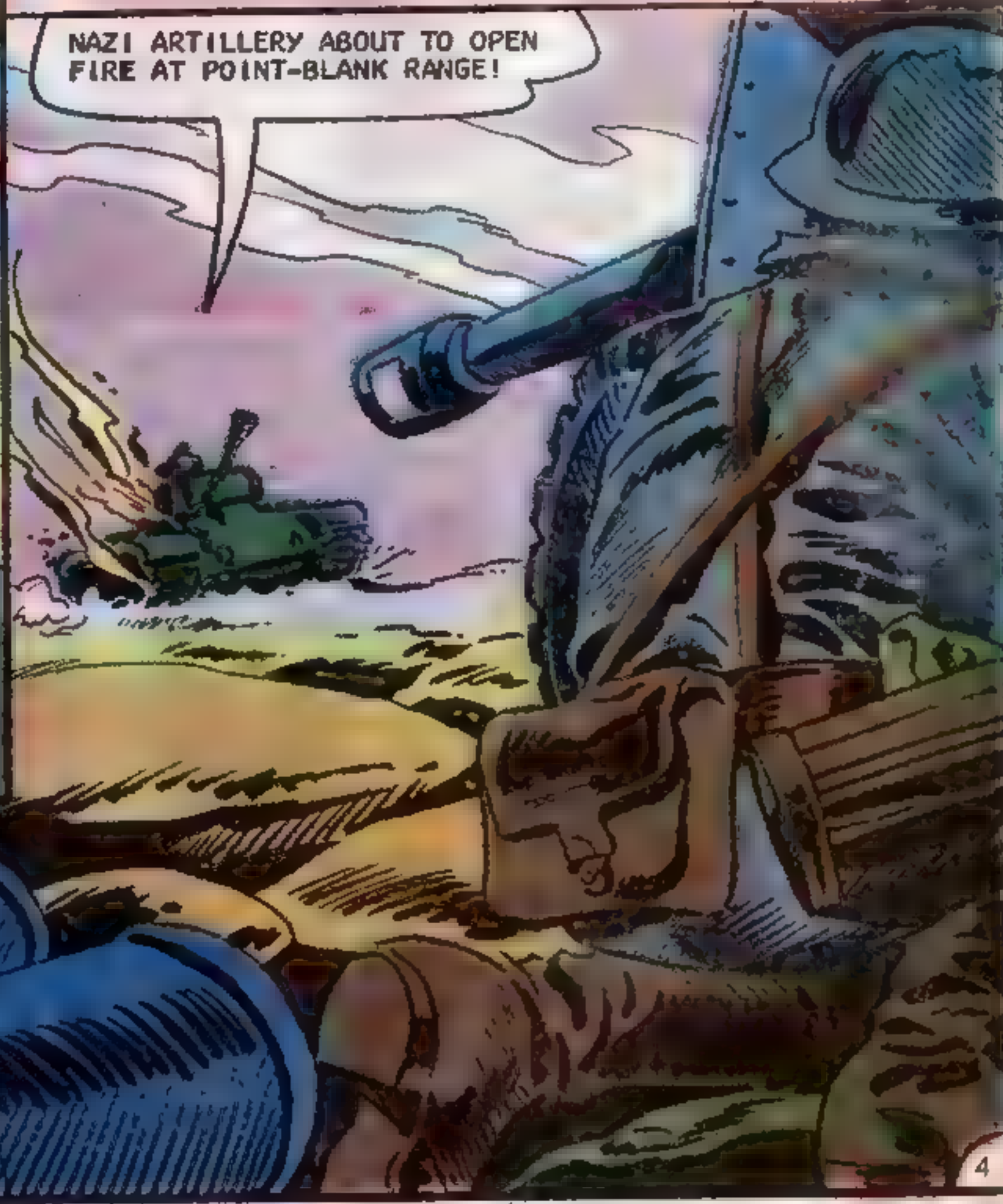


THAT'S NOT JUST A TANK... IT'S A WHOLE ARMORED DIVISION!

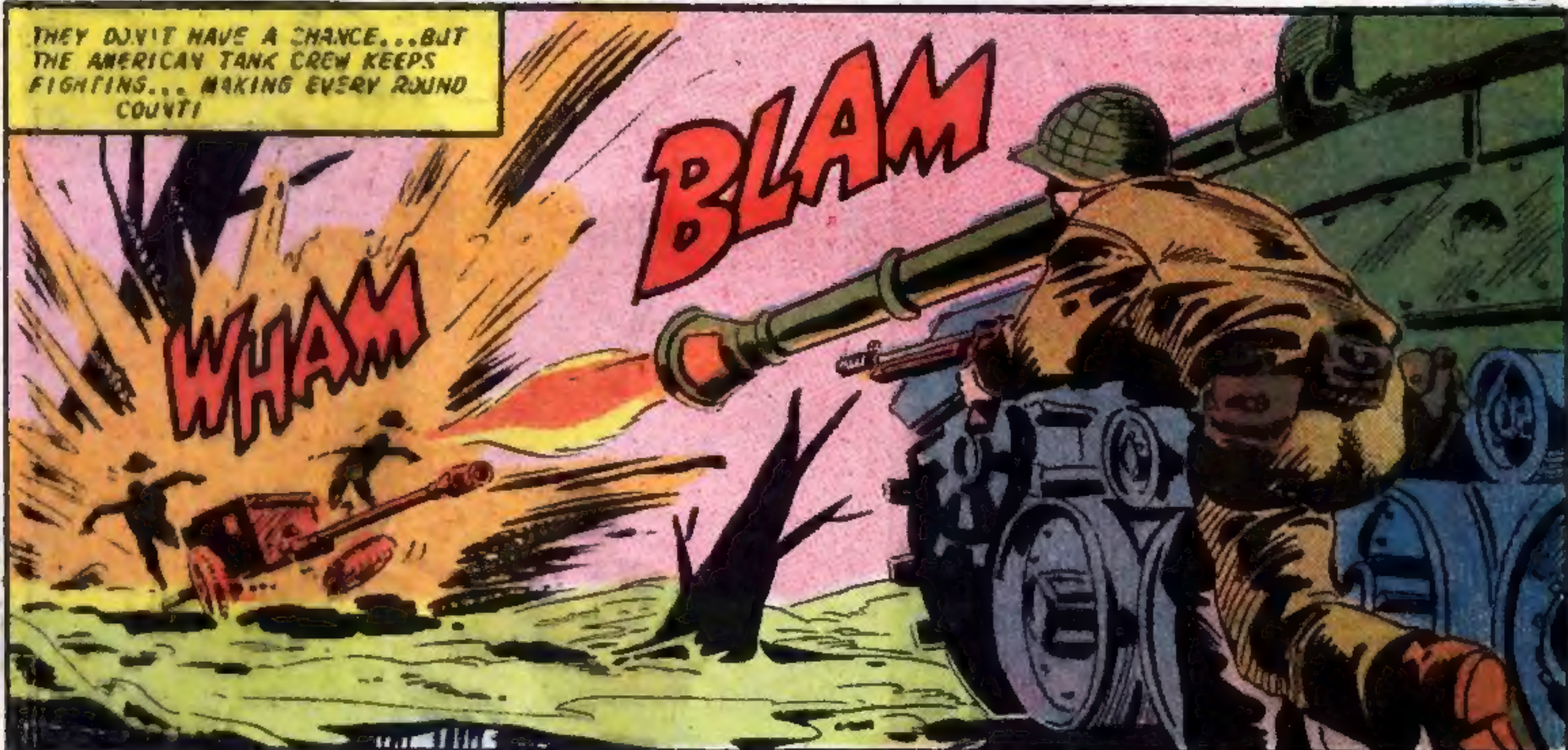


THE HIGH-VELOCITY 88MM GUN WHEELS TO FIRE POINT-BLANK AT THE SHOT-UP AMERICAN HEAVY TANK! THIS TIME NO ONE INSIDE CAN SURVIVE... IF THE KRAUTS FIRE FIRST!

NAZI ARTILLERY ABOUT TO OPEN FIRE AT POINT-BLANK RANGE!



THEY DON'T HAVE A CHANCE...BUT
THE AMERICAN TANK CREW KEEPS
FIGHTING... MAKING EVERY ROUND
COUNT!



LOOK--THE MAJOR ACTS
LIKE HE'S BULLET-PROOF!

MOVE UP...HAVE GRENADES
READY!



COME ON... THE KRAUTS ARE TOO BUSY WITH THEM TO
FIRE AT US! WEAPONS SQUAD, GET THE HEAVY M.G. SET
UP AS SOON AS YOU REACH FAVORABLE GROUND!



ALL OF A SUDDEN, DOG COMPANY IS A FIGHTING
UNIT AGAIN! WE'RE ATTACKING... WE'RE PUTTING
THE KRAUTS DOWN!



THE NAZIS' ARMO IS STACKED
IN A BULLDOZED-OUT LOW
SPOT...THE HEAVY TANK COMES
CHIRNING THROUGH THE MUD,
NOSES DOWN, AND HEADS
STRAIGHT FOR THE FIREWORKS!

FIRE!

FIRE!



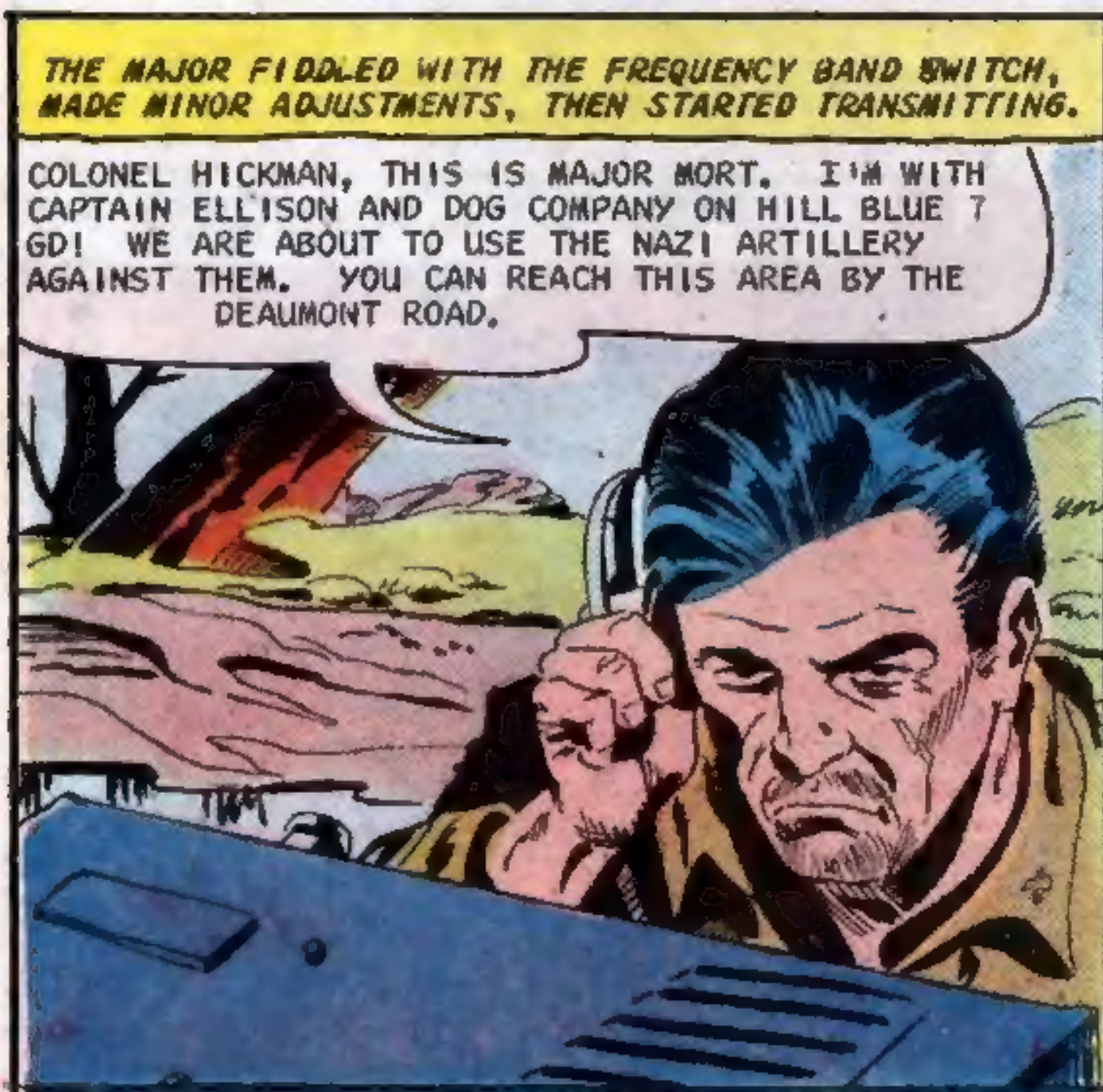
COME ON! WE'LL NEVER GET
ANOTHER CHANCE LIKE THIS!



I'VE GOTTA FIND
THE MAJOR!



— CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE. —



WE JUST CAME AS THE MAJOR LEADS HIS HEROES ACROSS THE SMOLDERING HILL. WHO THEY ARE, WHAT THEIR OUTFIT IS ... WE'LL NEVER KNOW.



WE'RE STILL BUZZING ABOUT THE MAJOR WHEN COLONEL HICKMAN ARRIVES...

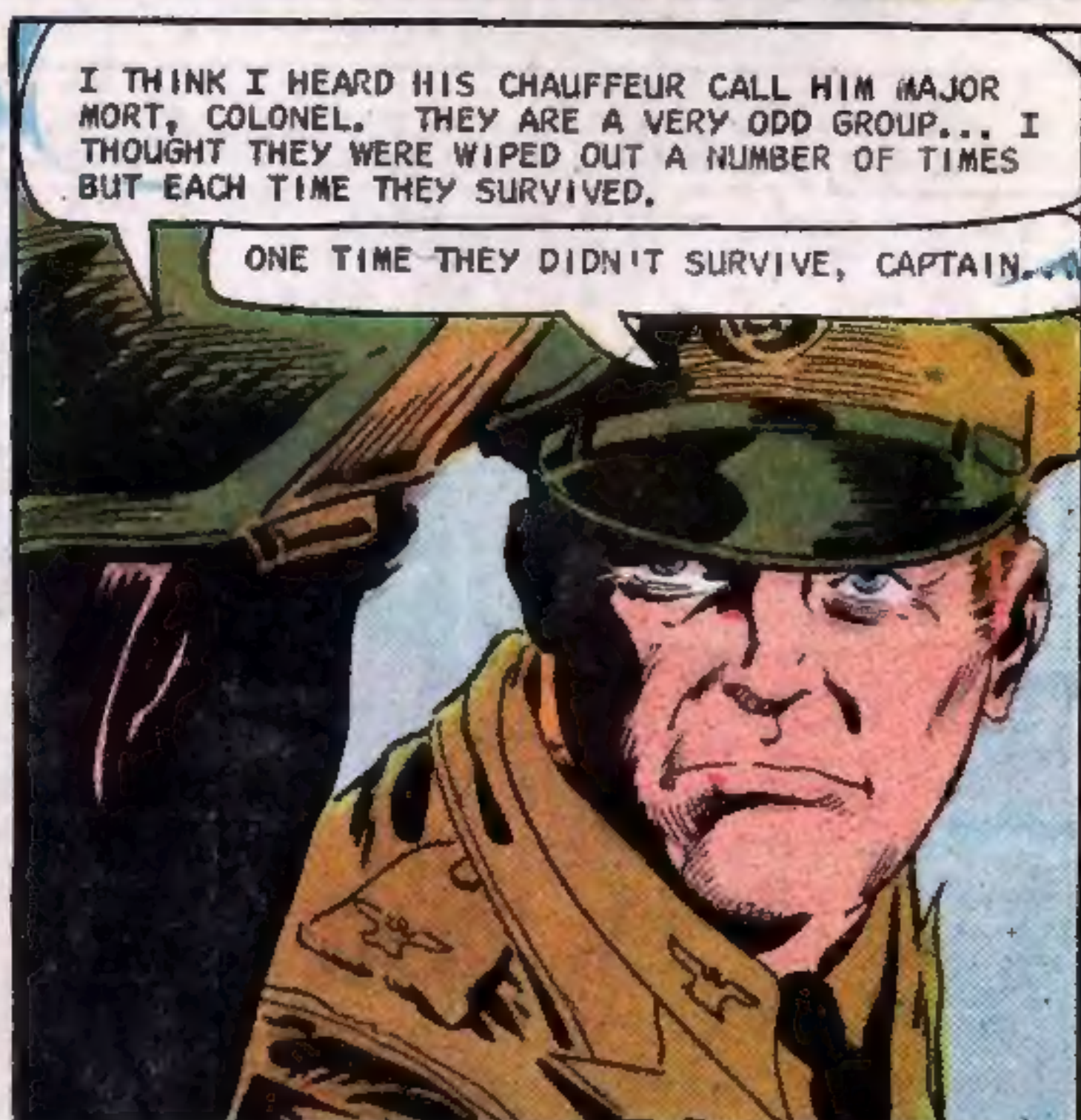
DOG COMPANY IS RELIEVED, CAPTAIN ELLISON. START PULLING YOUR MEN BACK.

YES, SIR!



I THINK I HEARD HIS CHAUFFEUR CALL HIM MAJOR MORT, COLONEL. THEY ARE A VERY ODD GROUP... I THOUGHT THEY WERE WIPED OUT A NUMBER OF TIMES BUT EACH TIME THEY SURVIVED.

ONE TIME THEY DIDN'T SURVIVE, CAPTAIN.



MAJOR MORT'S BATTALION WAS SURROUNDED BY A UNIT OF GESTAPO TROOPS NEAR ST. LO. HE SURRENDERED BECAUSE HIS MEN WERE WITHOUT AMMUNITION AND COULD NO LONGER RESIST!



"THE NAZIS EXECUTED THEM. AND MAJOR MORT'S DYING WORDS WERE A PROMISE... TO THE NAZIS... THAT HE WOULD NOT DIE... HE WOULD CONTINUE FIGHTING THEIR KIND THROUGH ETERNITY!"



END